

DOLPHIN LOG

Collection, Year 2012

**The Bulletin of the
Dolphin Swimming & Boating Club
San Francisco, Established 1877**



**Dolphin Swimming & Boating Club
502 Jefferson Street
San Francisco, CA 94109**

SPRING 2012

DOLPHIN LOG

THE BULLETIN OF THE DOLPHIN SWIMMING & BOATING CLUB • SAN FRANCISCO • ESTABLISHED 1877



Once 'Round the Cove

Dolphin Log

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Errata

Last month's log had a photo out at Lake Merced, taken by Elizabeth Tippin.

It was credited to someone else.



photo Patrick Torre

New Dolphin Yves Amiel, with a long commute

Fate played a trick on me

-Yves Amiel

(translated by Sid Hollister)

I have always had definite ideas about things and for me swimming in the ocean means 28 °C water (80 °F) and a beach of white sand. There, I can take a siesta, get a tan, play volleyball in the shallow water and sometimes dive into the superb underwater world. Serious swimming? That's done in a pool. I am French, 52 years old, and I have been swimming all my life. Currently, I swim once a week, a routine that almost keeps me in shape, and always in the same pool, in Belgium (I live just across the border). But fate had a little trick in store for me and my fixed ideas, as that pool is called "Les Dauphins."

Last year, I saw on French television a story on the Dolphin Club of San Francisco. (Many club members I have met on my recent visit remember the visit of the journalists who did the story.) It showed a club of eccentrics who enjoy swimming, without wetsuits, in very cold water, especially when there are strong currents and choppy waves. I remembered most of all that neither age nor swimming ability keeps any of them from the pleasure of swimming nor from taking on the challenge of doing a Club swim.

But this was only one TV program among many others and I continued my routine, living my tranquil private life and my complicated professional life. Nonetheless, the following Saturday at the swimming pool, I talked of the program to my fellow swimmers and to Master Swimmers. Few had seen it and none had paid it particular attention. When I mentioned swimming in 10 °C (50 °F) water without a wetsuit, they all said I must be mistaken: Under 20 °C (68 °F) a wetsuit is absolutely necessary and under 16 °C (60 °F) any swimming is out of the question. "To let people swim in such cold water is forbidden!" (It's true that in France, a great many things are interdites, forbidden.) I probably had misunderstood what the program said, which happens when falling asleep in front of the TV. But a little bug kept buzzing around in my mind, just as the clinking of ice cubes in a glass gets the attention of someone who likes to drink. At the end of two months, the buzzing was much louder and said to me: Get going!

In September, I got in touch with the Club's Swim Commissioners and

received a discouraging response from Lolly Lewis. To participate in the Golden Gate Swim, she said, you have to be a member for six months, and so on, and so on. . . . But it takes a lot more than that to discourage me. I want to do the Golden Gate Swim, I insisted, and that changed everything. I had a moment of doubt when the Club refused to make an exception and did not change the requirements to qualify for the swim, which is a good thing for many reasons (among them, safety and assuring that swimmers have the necessary swimming ability), but, on the other hand, I was also told that the entire Club would be available to help me succeed in meeting the qualifications.

So I came to San Francisco for three weeks to begin my preparations. What a beautiful "pool" for training! I could never have imagined a few months ago that I would get so much pleasure in getting up every morning before 6 a.m. when I am supposed to be on vacation. On my frequent visits to the veritable social heart of the Club, the sauna (a strange American custom; at home the men go to the smoking room, the women to the living room), I have met only people who warmly welcomed me and are ready to help me and give me advice. At the Dolphin Club, it's not the swimming conditions that are most extraordinary (But, my God, the water is cold!), it's the way you are made to

feel welcome and the kindness of the members.

Please excuse me if I do not mention the names of all the people who have been so sympathiques, but the list is too long (and to tell the truth, I have a bad memory for names). All the same, I want to mention especially Lolly, and above all, Suzie Dods and Jesse Czelusta.

Today, I am proud to be a member of the Dolphin Club. To my French friends, I have become, like all Dolphins, an eccentric, but I know that, at heart, they are a little jealous.

I now take pleasure in serious training because I know I am going to do the next Golden Gate Swim!

Longtime Dolphins: I Need Your Polar Bear Miles

I have been working on a project to tally all miles swum during the history of the Polar Bear. My main source of data has been the Dolphin Log online, which is an amazing historical resource, principally for tracing the history of facial hair.

I am missing documentation the years listed below, and would appreciate it if you could send me the miles that you swam during these years so I can include your complete information in the project.

Missing years:

1999-2000

1988-89, and

All years prior to 1983-84.

Please check out your old blocks, or other records, and either drop me an email at ttilles@gmail.com, or write down your miles for these years and drop in Rick Avery's mailbox at the Club.

So far, for the 23 years I have records, 93,817 miles were swum by folks who completed the Polar Bear. Can you guess who has swum the most miles? Who is the most consistent Polar Bear? I am not telling... yet.

-Ted Tilles

2011-2012

39th Annual Polar Bear Temperature Summary

Air temp: 39.6°-55.8° 16.2° range

H2O temp: 50.2°-52.7° 2.5° range

Average for the season:

Air: 48.5° H2O: 51.1°

Coldest Air: 39.6 (1/17)

Coldest H2O: 50.2 (12/24, 3/8)

Warmest Air: 55.8 (3/15)

Warmest H2O 52.7 (2/17)

Temperature ranges:

Air 39.6-55.8 H2O: 50.2-52.7

Combined 90.5 - 106.8

Avg Temp Ebb tide: 51.2 (46 days)

Avg Temp Flood tide: 51.1 (46 days)

Data collected from

NOAA FTPC1 6:00 AM

Vincent Huang





photos Keith Howell

Jon Belinski executing his nautical knots

Two Men in a Boat

-Keith Howell

Which is not what we planned. In the past there have been as many as 25 rowers taking part in the annual row from the Dolphin Club in San Francisco to Sacramento. But this year, perhaps because it overlapped with Halloween and all the party ghouls were previously committed, we thought we would have to manage with three: a single boat with two rowers and one at the helm changing places every 20 minutes. That way, each person would row for 40 minutes and then take a 20 minute break.

Jon Belinski, the organizer, who has completed this same row some 17 or 18 times, went through his extensive little black book. He hooked a few prospects, and almost landed some. But come Friday morning, there are still just a pair of oarsmen. I feel a twinge of conscience. Were I wiser as to what lies ahead, I should no doubt feel worse. Fortunately, I'm ignorant. In any case, nothing can be done; the expedition actually

began yesterday when we took the trailer up to await us in Sacramento.

At 5:30 am, the 350-pound, 18-foot long Colin Farrell leaves the dock in the dark with an hour still to go on an ebbing tide. We head due east, staying behind the breakwater and close to shore as the first ferries of the day depart the city. Without anyone at the helm and on a boat devoid of lights, Jon, in the bow, keeps his head on a swivel, listens to the Vessel Traffic Service, and keeps a flashlight handy. The lights on the new tower of

the unfinished Bay Bridge flutter across the ripples.

Close to the lights of Treasure Island, as the ebb tails off, we turn north and the row begins in earnest. Bucking a northern breeze and the flooding tide still tentative, we make slow progress. With the nearest shoreline a mile or more away, it is hard to discern any advancement. For



Jon indefatigable

the ingénue on stroke, reality is setting in. While Jon is among the most skilled and most experienced rowers in the club, I am among the least. A couple of rows out to Alcatraz, and one to the Golden Gate, and two sessions on the erg machine earlier in the week, add up to the sum total of my experience.

By 7:30 am the sun rises in a cloudless sky. We are in a wide open bay and easily visible to other craft. We can focus exclusively on the oars and the beginner gets his first lesson: don't pull with your arms until your legs are straight, then lean back; don't drop the oars into the water, it means dragging them back out again, and besides oars float naturally close to the surface, and do try to feather the oars as you bring them back. Despite the lack of a third man, the 20-minute rule is diligently applied, at least as regards the acolyte. I welcome the sound of Jon's voice announcing the shift change, and crawl aft to steer for a little and consume energy bars. Jon himself is far more stoic. When it is his turn, he draws in his oars methodically, and after a little rustling, aromas always being so pungent close to water; the man in front smells peeled fruit. Within five minutes Jon's oars are back in the water. So for every hour, there are only 35 minutes when two people are rowing.

We pass under the Richmond Bridge with a cooperative tide and head across San Pablo Bay as the coastline fades away, leaving us bereft of encouraging landmarks. Again our pace seems imperceptible.

My rowing cred, at least as self-perceived, comes from a week rowing along the Thames some 60 years earlier. Having read and enjoyed—how could you not?—*Three Men in a Boat* by Jerome K. Jerome about the author's star-



Approaching Collinsville after 12 hours on the River

crossed experience rowing up the river from Kingston to Oxford, my father had an urge to try it himself. He arranged for he and my Mum, my brother and me to travel to Oxford and rent a 24-foot long skiff. My recently widowed grandfather, not wanting to be left alone should his remaining family perish, chose to come along too. I was as ignorant then as to what lay ahead, as I am now. But today it is mixed with hubris, and a refusal to acknowledge passing time.

Passing close to Pinole Point, we are reassured to see landmarks recede at a respectable speed. It's noon, time for my break and an opportunity to rummage among the exotic goodies, never-before-consumed energy bars and gooey sugar concoctions. It is hard to realize that a mile or two away, just over the hills, thousands of cars are careening along I80 making the same journey as ours in an hour or so. We travel in near silence, but for the splash of the oars and the ripple of the bow. What we see is an ancient bay, the Richmond whaling station on its last piles, wharves long past their prime. When the America's

Cup arrives in 2012, these views will be exposed around the world.

Carquinez Bridge at 1:15 pm represents a notable milestone. We are finally leaving San Francisco Bay and entering the Sacramento River. The weather warms appreciably, and I would be comfortable except that various aches have started to emerge. In particular, there are excruciating pains in my inner thighs each time I take my foot in and out of the footrests before and after the welcome breaks.

As we approach Benicia Bridge, I move to the helm to guide us between the stanchions. Between its arches the two white cranes on Port Chicago Naval Weapons Station are easily visible. They look so close. But I had not counted on their deceiving height, nor on the vastness of Suisun Bay, where a whole naval flotilla of forgotten ships are tucked away in one small corner.

The water is placid, the heat demonstrative; we row on in silence. The cranes get no closer. Our destination tonight is Collinsville, an isolated hamlet where Dolphin Club Commodore Lou Marcelli spent his formative years among a family of



Passing under Benecia Bridge

fisher folk. He and his good friend Cynthia Coppia are driving out to his ancestral home in order to cook us dinner when we arrive. Jon had estimated about 3 pm. At 3 pm, the cranes are still ahead. Jon looks surreptitiously at his watch. The green and red buoys that mark our progress come agonizingly slowly—apart, that is, from the one we collide with. That came upon us much too fast.

It's time to change boat

positions again. By now the four-foot journey from the rowing seat to the helm feels like a sprint up San Francisco's Lyon Street steps. There are some muscles that behave, others that operate under protest, and yet others that have given up entirely. The trouble is it's hard to know which is which. I resort to supplementing thighs with arms, lifting my legs manually, to put them in position.

Thankfully, the tide is

considerate, and though Jon fears it may change at any moment, having been in our favor since 6:30 this morning ten hours ago, we continue to feel a welcome push. At 5:30 pm, an orange sun slipping from a cloudless sky, we slip in between Collinsville's modest piers. Forty two and a half nautical miles are behind us.

Hors d'oeuvres, wine, perfect pasta, pie and blessed sleep.

Saturday morning, looking

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out over the wetlands that surround Lou's home, I am mesmerized by the beauty of this place. It is a landscape painter's—or photographer's—paradise: distant brown hills in the morning haze, golden reeds and grasses encroaching around the deck, ancient worn trees framing the panorama.

A healthy breakfast precedes a late 10:30 start, timed again to coincide with the ending of the ebb. As the river narrows, our progress is more discernable and we can ignore the tethered reeds clearly floating in the wrong direction. Yesterday's pains have receded, but new ones are sidling forth. This time it's the coccyx at the base of the spine. We abandon the long hardened cushions fitted for the seats in favor of small inflated pillows. Ahhh, such relief.

Through Rio Vista, and into Steamboat Slough. Just as yesterday, there is no stopping, no

bathroom breaks. Once again we have a schedule, to reach Freeport -- 35 nautical miles away --before the next flood falters. If we miss it we'll have to row against both tide and river flow. On the Thames, when we were tired of rowing, one of us would take the bowline, jump on the towpath where the horses once pulled barges, and drag the boat along. But there's no towpath here. We spend the balance of the day on the slough, emerging back on to the Sacramento River as night falls. Another spectacular sunset, the sky on fire behind the silhouetted trees and the still water reflecting the glow.

We soldier on, Jon indefatigable, stroke defatigated.

At Freeport, our destination, the only eating option, the Freeport Grill, stops serving at 10 pm. Once again the tidal gods watch over us, slow down the Moon, and let us slip into the marina with ten minutes to

spare.

The Sacramento pilgrimage was over.

We sleep on the wooden dock listening to dripping water and a sleepless freeway.

Sunday is a simple nine nautical miles, although we get no help from the cosmos and struggle for every mile, bouncing in the wake of restless fishing boats. By now the various aches have coagulated and the overall numbness filed out of sight, muscles have hardened and posture improved, but when, at 1 pm, we turn into Miller Park, I pour a celebratory dram and suddenly it all seems worthwhile. A church bell sounds in the distance. The Sacramento pilgrimage was over. Hallelujah!



Life Members with 50 or more years of membership



Old Timers 2012

Old Timer photos by John Perino

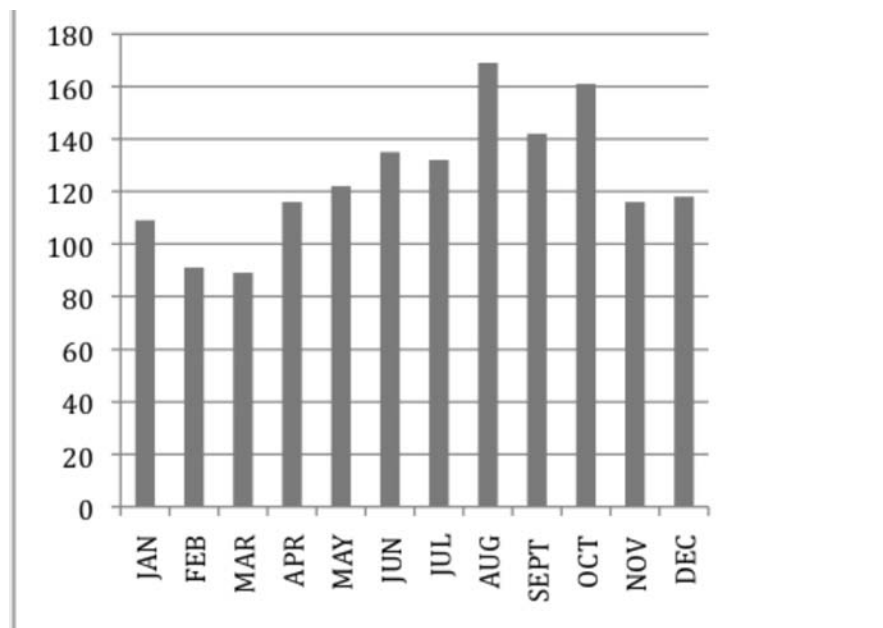


Seven things to do list

-Diane Walton

- Join us for Rowers Dinner on Saturday May 18, 2012. We'll open the Bar at 5:30, start serving dinner (\$20) around 6, celebrate Boat Night, have silent and live auctions with Oar Art and other treats to raise money for the fleet, and just generally have fun.
- Send your favorite rowing photo, particularly any ones with a focus on oars, to dolphinboathouse@yahoo.com by May 1, 2012. We want to display them at the dinner—and maybe sell them, if you (the photographer) agree.
- Congratulate Gary Ehram, winner of the 2011 Grizzly 100k ERG Challenge and others who reached the 100k mark (and contributed to the commemorative t-shirt) - Jim Frew, Noah Zovickian, Elizabeth Warren, Renee deCossio, Jerry Jacoby, Ted Levinson and Laura Zovickian. We all know the strengthening and rowing mechanics benefits that come from consistent practice on the ERGs; Jim's t-shirts provided an added payoff for working on the ergs this winter.
- Join John Blackmun, Jim Frew and others for a group row. We gather at 6:30 am on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of the month, plot our course, and revel in shared adventures on the Bay.
- Remember to sign the craft out, yes kayaks and SUPs too, note any guests, sign it back in and let us know of any extraordinary encounters or equipment needs. It matters on the day you venture forth, and it matters in the cumulative tale of the Dolphin Club fleet.
- Row, row some more, and pilot when you are able. Come back for more training, finish your testing out, learn to drive the motorized... it's up to you!
- Keep your eye on America's Cup 34. There has been much learning, and there will be more. The Jumbotron is gone. The development deal on Piers 30-32 off the table. More will happen between when I write this and when you read it... the Louis Vuitton races begin in August.

The other Log



The Log (not the one you're reading now, but the one in the Boathouse in which we sign the boats in and out) reflects 1500 trips taken in 2011. From mass excursions in support of swims to solitary rows, the stories are (mostly) there, reminding us of victories and mishaps, of rowing qualifications, of early mornings, sunsets and assorted other times and places along our way.

Looking forward to a good year, on and off the water.



Channel Team: Vic Pizarro, Kim Chambers, Ken Coren, Mike Silva, Joe Omran, Jordan Wood

The Farther Off from England The Nearer is to France

-Ken Coren

When Reuben asked me to join his English Channel relay team, the 502 Tideriders, I had to laugh. I'm a Maui Channel kind of guy who never, ever wanted to swim that channel. I could never comprehend why anyone would want to undertake a long-distance, cross-tidal swim in cold, lumpy seas, with rafts of jellyfish, all spun together in the busiest shipping lanes on Earth...to be accomplished largely in the dark of night. "Not a problem," according to Reuben. The swim was scheduled almost a year down the road, and I'd be listed as an alternate. I'd never have to do it. I bit, and two weeks later I was moved up to first string. Time had come to figure this swim out and get some idea how I was going to do it. It's roughly a 20 mile point to point swim, but unlike a Farallones swim, the transit is perpen-

dicular to the tidal currents, so it is more like a giant New Year's Alcatraz swim. For each member of a relay, it would be like swimming Alcatraz 3 or 4 times during the course of one day. Tough day, but doable. Then there were the monumental English Channel tides to be considered. The most extreme tidal difference between low tide and high tide in San Francisco Bay is about seven feet, whereas, the average difference between any given low tide and the following high tide in the English Channel is usually in the 20 foot range.

So there I was, crawling along the slick, sharp rocks at McCovey Cove with my teammates Joe Omran and Vic Pizarro. umping in by the Ball-yard for our cavort along the waterfront back to the Club while Dave Maloney kept his watchful pilot's eye over my swim. Apparently that was too easy, so I next found myself

bouncing in the Arias while Barry Christian motored around the Potato Patch searching for the overdue flood tide. Apparently Tideriders wait for no water, so Joe and I dove in to the snow-fed ebb just east of the Pt. Bonita Lighthouse where the harbor seal colony sometimes hangs. For two and a half hours I struggled to find a rhythm, barely able to breathe in more air than seawater. Each time I looked up at John Blackman I wanted more than anything to end the water-boarding and climb into that Whitehall. With the Golden Gate Bridge obscured by steep swells, a light finally went on in my head: "destination" ceased to have any meaning. Swimming was an existential experience, done in the here and now, free from the constructs of time or measured route. Course and direction remained, but beginning and end points no longer mattered. The Ft.

Point test swim, Trans-Tahoe with my teammates and the Maui Channel swim for the endangered Monk seals were big-fun fine tuning.

It was Reuben who took the laboring oar when it came to the endless details, deadlines and logistics without which we would never have gotten sanctioned to swim, a pilot and boat, or places to stay. Despite his months of pulling the Tideriders up the mountain, our Moses could not make it across the pond due to family obligations. But six of us did, and we dropped into Dover, one by one as our few days-long swim window approached.

Ideally, it is best to attempt a Channel crossing in the middle days of your window,

after the previous week's full moon tides wane and before the following week's new moon tides wax. But with the Channel, there is always something pushing you to the edge. We began our swim on the first day of our window, because storms were on the march from the east threatening to close the Channel for the duration.

Our pilot boat was a simple 35-foot fishing vessel with an open deck located behind a small wheel house that barely accommodated our large pilot, Andy King, his first mate who looked like his half scale clone (also named Andy but was known to all as "Big Andy") and our Channel Swimming Association official observer, the man with the clipboard and "The English Channel Swim Rules," which were to be strictly enforced. Proper swim costumes were mandatory, made of "...material not offering Thermal Protection or Buoyancy" that "...may not extend on to the Upper Leg below the level of the crotch..." In the alternative, the Rules permit one to swim wearing

nothing at all. A single "swim hat" is allowed, if it offers no thermal protection or buoyancy, goggles if desired, and at least one light and two glow sticks at night. One hour legs to begin and end according to The Observer's clock and command.

On Sunday, September 18, 2011 we sailed west of Dover, stopping just offshore from Samphire Hoe Beach. The Observer instructed Mike Silva, our first swimmer, to swim to shore, haul himself completely out of the water, and re-enter 13:00 at sharp to begin our Channel attempt.

This most solemn ritual was going well until 12:59 when Mike Silva's sons ran down the sea wall to hug him and do some sort of family dance. Our Channel attempt began at 13:02 sharp.

The sun was out, the chop was minimal, and Mike was ahead of the first swimmer of an impressive, and young, Danish woman's relay team

ing beautiful-beast-of-the-waves.

All the while, our veteran pilot was keeping a sharp eye on each of us, our course, the sea conditions and the weather. He took the measure of each swimmer during the first 15 seconds of each leg, accurately noting form, attitude and stroke count. Throughout the day and the night to come, he would be telling me that we had a chance to succeed, but the odds were steadily decreasing as the tides swung us to the outer perimeters of a sustainable course and the weather closed in.

Joe Omran took his turn and moved us forward as I bit down my apprehension, keenly aware that I had no idea what it would be like in the Channel, carrying the load of my teammate's trust and our hopes for success that hung on each link in the chain.

I dove in off the port rail as the sunset was beginning to glow on the horizon. The water felt warm (a degree or two above the Bay), the swells were rhythmic, and I was in my element, fully loving what I was doing, safe in the knowledge that I was prepared for this mentally and physically. I was relieved not to be letting my team down, and I knew that they had my back no matter what happened as I swam alongside our boat. And then I saw them all in profile, silhouetted against the sunset, facing the stern behind Jordan who was

reeling in mackerel, one after the other.

I was still smiling when Vic hit the water and powered his way into the growing seas as darkness fell, the storms approached, the Andys chain smoked and as the night wore on and the tides carried us sidelong. Our margins for error had shrunk and slipped through a pinhole into pending disappointment.

But we did keep on, and each of us



"The Observer"

that was the only other Channel attempt that day.

Little Andy hoisted Old Glory and our Canadian/South Ender teammate Jordan Wood greased himself (and the boat) as he danced his way into the water to relieve Mike. He was followed by fellow Royal Subject Kiwi Kim Chambers who had spent the previous six months transforming herself from a pretty good swimmer into a serious open-water marathon-

began to feel the bite of The English Channel Swim Rules, particularly the one that states:

“Team Members’ names shall be given to the Official Observer before the actual commencement of the swim. Thereafter there shall be NO substitutions, or alteration of classification.”

In short, if one swimmer drops out, fails to complete a full hour, or makes physical contact with any person or the boat, the swim is over, done, fail.

Around midnight we were watching the lightening on the horizon and the sparse running lights barely revealing the huge bulk of the ships whose paths we were crossing. I was steeling myself for my upcoming leg but was terribly concerned because I hadn’t been able to warm up from my previous leg. Big Andy must have seen me shivering, because he came out of the wheelhouse with a big smile and an old fashioned hot water bottle, full of freshly boiled water from the crew’s teapot. (This is a British vessel, in case you had any doubts.) I hugged the heat out of that rubber rose and the Channel felt warm when I dove back in. As the seas grew our pilot insisted that we swim closer to the heaving boat for fear of losing sight of any one of us in the dark roiling waters. Swimming in the direction of France became secondary to avoiding inadvertent contact with the boat, a terminating violation of The English Channel Swim Rules.

Then turn not pale beloved snail but come and join the dance

While the rest of us were tending to our internal doubts and handling watch and recovery duties as our swimmers cycled through, Vic was sitting quietly on a fish box on the open deck. His bear-claw of a hand

clutched the rail as he no doubt was fighting off a desire to die rather than continue living with the horrors being visited upon him by sea sickness. I knew he would dive back in when his time came, but I had zero understanding of how he could make it



through to the end of his hour. He did go in as I came out. Vic took a few strokes, stopped and pulled his fogged goggles off his eyes and swam away at a 90 degree angle as Andy blasted his air horns and let out a stream of cockney curses I will try to remember for the rest of my life. Vic responded by swimming across the bow of the moving boat while Mike and I kept Andy from hauling Vic in with his gaff hook. Things eventually calmed down and Vic spent the rest of his hour gutting it out when most anyone else would have simply quit or drowned trying. Thanks to Vic, we continued on

and soon were less than Flag Lap away from Cap Gris Nez, France, its lighthouse crowning the dark peninsula extending into the Channel. We could hear the surf breaking on the boulders guarding the shore.

I went into the wheelhouse and Andy

said “That’s as far as we go. Can’t let your swimmer go to the rocks. If he gets in trouble, I can’t risk the boat and everyone in it to save him. We’re done. Most Observers would give it to you at this point, but not the one we got. In a few minutes, the tide will sweep us east, right past the cape.”

I thought about Ft. Point and the back eddies that feed the sandy beaches off Crissy Field. Andy confirmed that there were indeed sandy beaches on the eastern shore of Cap Gris Nez. I asked him to let Jordan keep swimming as the tide turned so the back eddies could bring him into the beach. He said OK for now, and asked me to leave the wheelhouse.

Big Andy came out, tied a Zodiac to the rail and single-handedly mounted a motor to the transom while the wind and waves battered the inflatable against the hull. Jordan went into a backstroke as the Zodiac’s spotlight got closer, then rolled over and brought it all to the shores of France, 13 hours and 44 minutes after it

all began.

With three hours until sunrise, we turned north and plowed towards Dover into the teeth of a now raging storm. Perched on fish boxes affixed to the open deck as the rain poured down and gallons of seawater washed over us at 20-second intervals, we laughed all the way to dawn.

Will you, won’t you, will you, won’t you, won’t you join the dance?

DOLPHIN LOG SWIM STATISTICS

Swim Commissioner's Report: All Things Shining

This is the title of a book I've read. It's about; life, sports, Homer, Moby Dick and other things...you might think it's about religion. I read most of the book some time ago, I started reading it again the night the Dolphin Club's Kim Chambers, finished her rough water swim down in New Zealand crossing the treacherous Cook Strait. Here's part of what I read:

"There are four points to notice about the sacred moments in sport... First, in the truly extraordinary moments, something overwhelming occurs, It wells up and carries you along as on a powerful wave. The wave metaphor is crucial here. When a wave is at its most powerful it is a solid foundation that can support as many riders as will fit upon it. It can even sweep up more as it runs along. But when the wave passes, nothing but its memory survives. Try to stand upon the still water and you'll find that the supporting foundation is gone. These moments of sport are like that. When you are in the midst of them, riding the wave they carry you along and give meaning to life.

"The most important things, the most real things in Homers world well up and take us over, hold us or a while, and then, finally, let us go. If we had to translate Homers world for physis, then whooshing is about as close as we can get. What there really is, for Homer, is whooshing up: the whooshing up of shining Achilles in the midst of battle or an overwhelming eroticism in the presence of a radiant stranger like Paris; the whooshing up of a rock in the turbulent sea that calls forth Odysseus's hand to grab it. These were the shining moments of reality in Homers world. And whooshing up is what happens in the context of the great moment in contemporary sport as well. When something whooshes up it focuses and organizes everything around it.

Another extraordinary exploit is the proposed around-the-world triathlon of Englishman Dan Martin who for several months now has trained eight hours a day in and out of the Cove using the facilities of both clubs in preparation for a historic swim. I swam with him once or twice and marveled at his dedication. His first leg is to swim from New York to France taking three Dolphin Club members along as the crew. True, this is still unrealized but he has some cred—he has already cycled from North Korea to Cape Town

We feed off each other's achievements, and though I'm now your former Swim Commissioner, I will be caught up as I watch all the members of the Dolphin Club shine in their achievements.

-Mike Silva

Thanksgiving Cove Swim

NOVEMBER 24, 2011

Place	Name	Swim Time
1	Era Osibe	23:02
2	Sarah McCuskey	24:00
3	Perpetua Bishop	25:49
4	Polly Rose	26:04
5	Jane Mermelstein	28:20
6	Joe Ferrero	28:39
7	Mary Barnes	30:09
8	Laura Atkins	30:22
9	Lorna Newlin	30:30
10	Bob Cable	30:46
11	John Mattox	30:51
12	Jill Fleming	33:00
13	Jan Weidner	33:18
14	Mark Robinson	33:25
15	Anders Knox	33:50
16	Jean Allan	33:55
17	Kim Chambers	34:00
18	Jamie Robinson	34:11
19	Mark McKee	34:34
20	Nancy Friedman	34:36
21	Patrick Grady	34:53
22	Will Powning	35:01
23	Stephen Schatz	35:03
24	James Fahlbusch	35:27
25	Kate Coleman	35:30
26	Gina Rus	35:37
27	Ken Frank	36:21
28	Robin Rome	36:26
29	Doug James	37:18

PILOT: Gretchen Coffman
HELPERS: Sue Garfield, Brian Gilbert, Larry Heine, Doug James, Lolly Lewis, Laura Merkl, Jackie Merovich, Scott Nadig, Bill Rus, Eric Shupert, Mike Silva

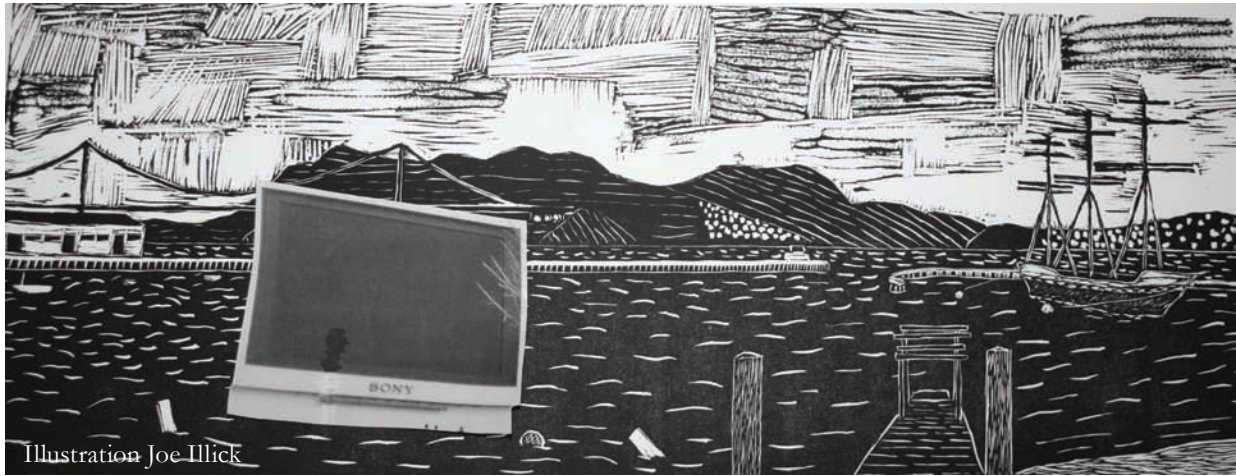
Pier 41 Swim

JANUARY 15, 2012

Place	Name	Swim Time
1	Burtch Laura	22:07
2	Browne Ross	22:23
3	Renko John	22:52
4	Fitzgibbons Brian	23:20
5	Prodoehl Jason	23:45
6	Vanhoven Paul	24:05
7	Lavelle Mickey	24:25
8	O'Mahony Andrew	25:00
9	Manzano Cesar	25:08
10	Oji Arnie	25:41
11	Bleskacek Joel	25:44
12	Cutler Nancy	25:48
13	Herrick Brian	26:12
14	Stone Andy	26:19
15	Stassen John	26:32
16	Cufino Erik	26:35
16	James Doug	26:35
18	Kulla Morgan	26:46

19	Spallone Joe	27:27
20	Horn Terry	28:10
21	Beemsterboer Joni	28:21
22	Scroggins Larry	28:25
23	Adams Jay	28:29
24	Atkins Laura	28:32
25	Powers Neal	28:37
26	Rose Ben	28:47
27	Rollins Phillip	28:50
28	Phifer Roxy	28:55
29	Avery Rick	29:05
30	Mezhibovsky Vladimir	29:24
31	Lewis Lolly	29:30
32	Coren Ken	29:37
33	Buckley Eileen	29:48
34	Frew Jim	30:30
35	Yener Firat	30:31
36	Carr Joanne	30:42
37	Perez Pete	30:53
38	Neubauer Pete	30:55
39	Hornor John	30:56
40	Allen Susan_M.	31:00
41	Badessa Dean	31:13
42	Perez Emma	31:38
43	Takahashi Nobu	31:52
44	Offen Naphtali	33:36
45	Towers Matt	33:44
45	Wallace Cheryl	33:44
47	Holley Dawn	34:07
48	Mermelstein Jane	34:16
49	Illick Joe	34:30
50	Powning Will	34:44
51	Rome Robin	34:46
52	Wood Janice	35:06
53	Howell Keith	35:36
54	Murakami Piper	36:19
55	Gannon Joe	36:22
56	Hassan Rey	37:36
57	Ingle John	38:53

PILOTS: Susan_J Allen, Lindsay Anderson, Marcus Auerbuch, Eduardo Barranco, Jon Bielinski, John Blackman, Barry Christian, J.D. Durst, Ken Frank, Don Harrison, Reuben Hechanova, Nancy Hornor, Tom Hunt, Liz Kantor, Robert Mackey, Noelle Maylander, Tom McCall, John Ottersberg, Roxanne Richards, John Robioli, Bill Schroeder, Scott Schwartz, Patrick Torre, Megan Wachs, Diane Walton
HELPERS: Lisa Adrian, Jean Allan, Susan_J Allen, Perpetua Bishop, Robert Cable, Brian Fitzgibbons, Nancy Friedman, Sue Garfield, Brian Gilbert, Anne Hamersky, Suzanne Heim-Bowen, Dawn Holley, Nancy Hornor, John Hornor, Doug James, Susan Lauritzen, Lolly Lewis, Robert Mackey, Kent Myers, Pete Neubauer, Tom Nuckton, Jim O'Connor, Naphtali Offen, Arnie Oji, Emma Perez, Daragh Powers, Neal Powers, Jason Prodoehl, Polly Rose, Mike Silva, Andy Stone, Nobu Takahashi, Janice Wood, Firat Yener



-Ruben Hechanova

The fabled story of David and Goliath was replayed on the bay waters of the local swimming hole in Aquatic Park. When the announcement was made that the America's Cup 34 was coming to San Francisco, this 160-years-plus old event with the oldest active trophy in the world was welcomed as an opportunity to experience the highest level of competitive sailing--the best sailors using state-of-the-art, extreme sailing technology--right in San Francisco Bay. Nowhere else was so suited to be the amphitheater to watch this storied sailing event from land. But maybe there was a price to pay.

The Dolphin/ South End clubs and the open water swimming community could hardly believe the proposal from the America's Cup Event Authority (ACEA) in concert with the San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park (SFMNHP) and the Mayor's Office of Economic and Workforce Development (MOEWD). A floating "Jumbotron" video screen, 22 feet high by 44 feet long on a 140 feet long barge was going to be 'temporarily installed' in Aquatic Park. Needless to say, this proposal got our full and undivided attention and became the major subject of conversation in the swimming community. The 'connoisseurs' of water temperature were practically speechless--but not for long. Sabers rattling, militant action and 'occupational' rhetoric seeped into conversations, television, social media and the newspapers. The battle line was drawn on the sand and in the waters of Aquatic Park. Fight or flight for two, century-old swimming and rowing clubs, almost as old as the America's Cup? Thus began a familiar contest between a corporate behemoth and the small guys. In this case, two non-profit swim clubs, recreational swimmers and committed environmentalists, up against an age-old sailing tradition.

During 2011, in numerous meetings with multiple governing agencies including those with jurisdictional powers, the proposed jumbotron 'shell game' became live theater. The barge was moved around the Cove and slipped under different shells, but there was always a Jumbotron and always in the water.

The Jumbotron on a floating barge was ill-conceived from the beginning. It lacked comprehensive consider-

ation of the adverse effects on the environment, swimmers and local neighborhood. To this date, no one knows who authored this half-baked idea nor has it been claimed by MOEWD, ACEA or the SFMNHP. What makes this a David and Goliath story was the limited capital resources of the small guys to fight the more powerful consortium of Corporate, City, State and Federal sectors. But battle they did, with the strategic and collaborative efforts of the two clubs, and the Environmental Council, with the likes of Baykeeper, Sierra Club and Telegraph Hill Association. The battle was on. And board members provided the heavy lifting from both the DC and SERC. Timely, collaborative and coordinated action ranged from Op-Ed articles in the Chronicle and Bay Citizen (published in the New York Times) to news interviews that asked, "Have you ever seen a Billboard in a National Park"? Letters went to the SF-Board of Supervisors and behind the scenes phone calls to SF Port Authority, Fisherman's Wharf Association, Waterfront Business Organizations, and MOEWD. The lobbying was ceaseless. And in the end, the 'small guys' came out ahead.

It was a rare collaboration between the two clubs. In the final push at the January 24th SF-Board of Supervisors meeting, with over 30 members from both clubs standing up at the start of the presentation, six selected representatives, three from each club, spoke in support of the America's Cup sailing event, but in opposition to the *Final EIR* (Environmental Impact Report). Well-prepared, coordinated topics, comprehensive coverage and eloquent delivery by Dolphins-Reuben, Ken Coren, Diane Walton, and myself and South Enders-Bill Wygant, Chris Bruno and Kathy Bump convinced the supervisors to surgically remove the Jumbotron from the water, but unanimously pass the *Final EIR*.

This story has a silver lining in the collaboration of two clubs acting as one, and both coming out winners. We all look forward to the success of the America's Cup in recharging the batteries of an old waterfront that has seen better days and we wish all the stakeholders the same success we had. *No jumbotron* on the water, not in our pool.



The Dolphin Swimming
& Boating Club
502 Jefferson Street
San Francisco, CA 94109

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2012 DOLPHIN CLUB SWIM & EVENT SCHEDULE

Jan 1	Sun TBA	New Year's Day Alcatraz
Jan 1	Sun TBA	New Year's Day Cove Swim
Jan 15	Sun 8:00 am	*Pier 41
Feb 19	Sun TBA	Old Timer's Lunch
Mar 18	Sun 7:30 am	*Gashouse Cove
Apr 7	Sat 10:00 am	*Yacht Harbor
Apr 28	Sat, 8:45 am	*Pier 39
May 5	Sat 9:00am	*Crissy Field
May 19	Sat TBA	Rowers Dinner
Jun 1	Fri	100-Mile Swim Begins
Jun 10	Sun 6:00 am	*Bay Bridge
Jun 25	Sat 7:00 pm	*Doc Howard Over 45 Gas House Cove
Jul 1	Sun 7:30 am	*Fort Point
Jul 21	Sat TBA	*Trans Tahoe Relay
Jul 28	Sat TBA	*Santa Cruz One Mile
Aug 11	Sat 9:00 am	Joe Bruno Golden Gate
Aug 19	Sun 11:00am	Walt Schneebly Over 60 Cove
Sep 9	Sun 8:30 am	Alcatraz
Sep 23	Sun 8:00 am	Escape from Alcatraz Triathlon
Oct 14	Sun TBA	Dolphin/South End Triathlon
Oct 27	Sat 9:00 am	Dick Beeler Crazy Cove
Oct 31	Wed	100-Mile Swim Ends
Nov 3	Sat TBA	Pilot Appreciation Dinner
Nov 22	Thur 9:00 am	Thanksgiving Day Cove
Nov 23	Fri	Grizzly Bear Challenge
Dec 15	Sat 9:00 am	New Year's Day Qualifier
Dec 21	Fri	Polar Bear Swim Begins
Dec 31	Sat 11:59pm	Grizzly Bear Challenge Ends

ROWING TRAINING

These Saturdays as 9:00 am

January 21, Saturday

February 18, Saturday

March 24, Saturday

April 21, Saturday

May 19, Saturday

June 23, Saturday

July 21, Saturday

August 18, Saturday

September 23, Sunday

October 20, Saturday

November 24, Saturday

December 22, Saturday

Intro to bay swimming *usually*
offered Sunday after board
meetings, check website
www.dolphinclub.org

SWIM PROGRAM RULES

1. Club scheduled swims are restricted to club members only.
2. Swimmers are required to wear fluorescent orange caps on all scheduled swims.
3. For out-of-cove swims, swimmers must be members in good standing with club dues current, \$40 swim fees paid, and a current PMS card on file. In-cove swims are free and open to all members.
4. New members are not eligible to swim in scheduled out-of-cove swims for six months from their membership start. However, if one successfully completes the 100-mile swim or 40-mile Polar Bear swim before their six months are up, they can participate in out-of-cove swims.
5. Swimmers must be in attendance at briefing prior to each swim in order to participate.
6. Swim sign-up sheets are posted two weeks prior to each swim.
7. Time limits are imposed and enforced for all swims.
8. All club boats are reserved for scheduled swims.
9. In-town members must successfully complete three swims and pilot or help on at least two others.
10. Out-of-town members (those residing 100+ miles from the club) must have successfully completed two of the last three club scheduled Alcatraz and/or Golden Gate swims or meet Rule 9 above.
11. * Indicates swim is a qualifier for Alcatraz and Golden Gate Swims

*All times are approximate & subject to change.
TBD means "to be determined".*

Alcatraz Island
1.4 miles

Fort Point
3.5 miles

Crissy Field
2.5 miles

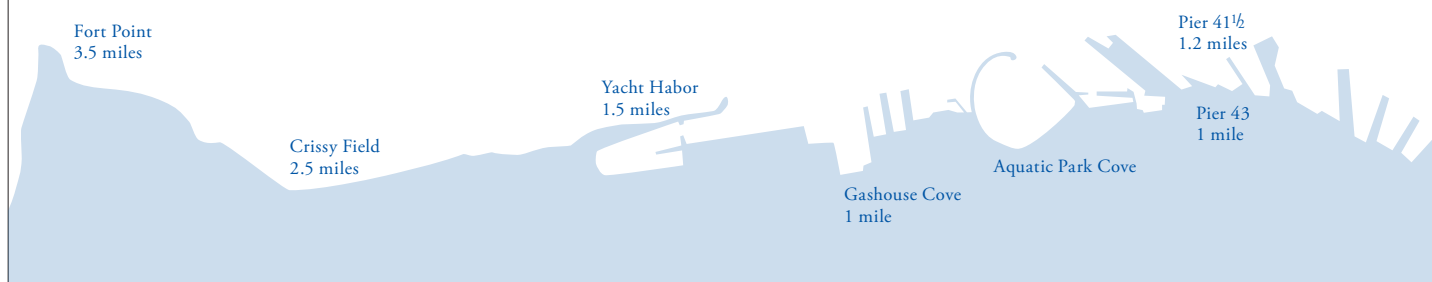
Yacht Harbor
1.5 miles

Gashouse Cove
1 mile

Aquatic Park Cove

Pier 41½
1.2 miles

Pier 43
1 mile



SUMMER 2012

DOLPHIN LOG

THE BULLETIN OF THE DOLPHIN SWIMMING & BOATING CLUB • SAN FRANCISCO • ESTABLISHED 1877



Once 'Round the Cove

Dolphin Log

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Submission of any and all material to the Log editors from any and all authors constitutes an agreement between the authors and the editors. This agreement gives to the editors the right to alter the submitted material in any way that the editors feel will improve the material for Log readers. Decisions to alter or publish submitted material will be the decision solely of the editors.

Navy Showers

The Building Committee would like to make members aware of our continually rising utility costs.

Over the past 6 months our water bill has averaged \$2800. Our most recent bill was \$3011. We also paid an average of \$1070 in gas bills to heat the water. Rates for both may increase this year, especially with the current drought in Southern California.

Of course it's not just a question of money, but also of avoiding waste of something we may not always be able to take for granted.

Please be mindful of shower time, use the sauna to get warm, and consider shortening your shower by a few minutes. We consider water and other utilities to be a shared resource, just like our beautiful old boats and building, and ask everyone's cooperation in conserving all of them.



A few intrepid dolphins get guided tours of the Vessel Traffic System and Search and Rescue operations on Yerba Buena Island.

Annual Membership Meeting

The annual membership meeting of the Dolphin Swimming & Boating Club will begin at 6:30 p.m. on October 17, 2012 at 502 Jefferson Street, San Francisco, in the Staib Room. The Board will review the business of the past year and proposed activities for the next year. Members are welcome to attend and participate per Article III, Section 6 of the By Laws.

Jellyfish stings

Treatment protocol for jellyfish stings by Dr. Paul Auerbach who is an emergency medicine physician at Stanford Hospital and author of medical textbook on wilderness medicine:

If you are stung by a jellyfish, rinse the wound with seawater; do not use fresh water, as this may increase envenomation by stimulating more nematocysts, the jelly's stinging cells, which become embedded in the skin. Remove any attached tentacles with forceps or a gloved hand. Apply a soak-compress of vinegar or isopropyl rubbing alcohol to the wound for about 30 minutes or until the pain subsides. Then apply a lather of shaving cream and shave the affected area with a safety razor to remove any remaining nematocysts. If the stinging sensation persists, reapply the vinegar or rubbing alcohol for another 15 minutes. Auerbach also advised being prepared for a possible allergic reaction. Symptoms may include difficulty breathing, difficulty swallowing, hives, a swollen tongue or collapse. In such cases, call 9-1-1 and use an epinephrine auto-injector, such as an EpiPen, if one is available.

A blue to purple-colored jellyfish-like creature, the by-the-wind sailor (*Velella velella*), often washes up on West Coast beaches in large numbers during the spring and early summer. Although *Velella* are considered mostly harmless to humans, Auerbach advised against touching them, which could cause skin irritation.

Sandy Bardas

Larry Wisch

February 6, 1953 – May 5, 2012

Long-time Dolphin Larry Wisch died on May 5 of AIDS. He was held in high esteem by many. A celebration of his life was held on June 16, followed by a memorial swim. Raised in the Bronx and Cranford, NJ, Larry attended college at Johns Hopkins and Antioch, and did graduate work at UC Davis in horticulture. He moved to San Francisco in the late 70s and taught Plant ID at City College of San Francisco and at UC Berkeley. He had two successful market research firms, which made it possible for him to purchase his charming Glen Park home, for which he did most of the

renovation, including creating an award-winning terraced garden out of a neglected hillside.

Most recently, his passion for nutrition led him to be part of the collective that established the very successful Three Stone Hearth, a business that makes and delivers nutritionally-dense food throughout the Bay Area.

In the late '70s, Larry and four friends, in mockery of the so-called Moral Majority, created the popular Choral Majority, an a cappella group that sang irreverent parodies celebrating gay and lesbian culture. Larry wrote many of the songs.

He was an athlete who swam early mornings all year round. It was Larry who introduced me to the club in the late 90s, for which I am very grateful. He was also a basketball player, avid

cyclist and roller blader. He was a ballroom dancer, accordion player, world traveler and Jewish Buddhist. He was a remarkable man who was loved for his accessibility, passion, warmth, humor and intellect. As his health declined, Larry continued to put up a valiant fight and celebrate life, an inspiration for his forbearance and gratitude. He is survived by his partner Giancarlo Calabrese, mother and stepfather Harriette and Sol Koved, brothers Alec and Andy Wisch and Lance Koved, their families, and a host of loving friends. May his name be for a blessing.

His full obituary may be read at <http://www.ebar.com/news/article.php?sec=news&article=67698>.

Naphtali Offen



From the cover, the new clear redwood benches, designed and built by expert carpenter John Hornor (in black shirt on cover) are not only inviting and handsome, they also help support the fence behind them as they are bolted both to the dock and the fence. One can sit, read and talk in warmth and comfort. There's even an elegant matching table for comestibles.

Letters to Lou

Dear Commodore,

As the 82-year-old father of one of your protégé-colleagues, permit me to offer you my personal compliments and admiration.

Rick sent his mother and me a copy of the video recently recorded under your aegis, showing a more-willing-than-husky journalist attempting to sample the rigors you Polar Bears impose on yourselves as matters of course and honor and pride. Andrew Zimmern's

high-pitched commentary sounded as if he feared for the very survival of his shrunken manhood. It juxtaposed the quiet dignity of your robust pursuit. When visiting San Francisco one December years ago, Rick invited me to your clubhouse, an especially memorable occasion for me as I rowed for the University of Cape Town in the late 40s—in a pre-war, clinker-built coxed four!

Later, while warmly ensconced in your upstairs lounge, I watched my son's red cap in the frigid Pacific notching up the

day's contribution to his PB program. Since I have a son enjoying—relishing even—membership of your august institution, and I sport a Dolphin Club cap on every outing I'm still able to make, I guess I can claim a remote affiliation to you. From this faraway corner of Africa, accolades to you and your hardy group on your singular diversion—unsung but heroic.

*E.R. David
Cape Town
South Africa*

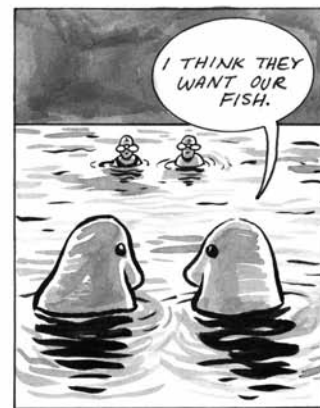
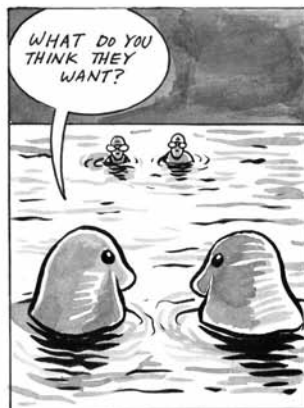




photo Hal Offen

From Left Lolly Lewis, Doug James, Pete Perez, Emma Perez, Deirdre Golani, Hal Offen Nancy Cutler

Confessions of the Alcatraz Repeat Offenders

In mid-June 2011, the Dolphin Club sent its first relay team of the summer to England, the Alcatraz Escapees, which included Pete and Emma Perez, Nancy Cutler, Doug James, Lolly Lewis, Deirdre Golani and Hal Offen. They didn't make it. However, there's more to the tale. Here are the never-before-told confessions of the Alcatraz Repeat Offenders. Like the proverbial blind men describing a different part of the elephant, each Offender offers up her or his perspective.

Nancy Cutler

It's the journey... It is a lucky group to have an opportunity to swim the English Channel, but it is really a lucky group and truly a nutty one that gets a shot at swimming it twice. That lucky, nutty group was us. First we were the Alcatraz Escapees, and less than 72 hours later we were swimming to France as the newly-morphed Alcatraz Repeat

Offenders.

Our journey began way before we landed in England: planning meetings, two-hour swims, night swims (thank God!), swims with no saunas or hot showers, and double-dipping with two-hour intervals between swims. Through that journey we became the Escapees. By the time our (Channel) swim actually began, we had spent days watching the weather, packing, making ham sandwiches, going to the dock, waiting, leaving the dock,

napping, throwing out the stale sandwiches, and going to the grocery store and doing it over again. We were a mature team in more ways than by age and experience: we cared about each other. All of our shared experiences prepared us for a difficult decision. Respect and caring allowed us to reach consensus that, for the safety of all, we needed to abort the swim. Our journey was more than the destination, it was the process of growing together. There were no regrets when we turned around.

We returned to Dover in the middle of Saturday night exhausted, having been awake for nearly 24 hours. We fell into bed and reconvened at breakfast on Monday morning, rehashing our wild day and night. We were disappointed, naturally, but also positive and philosophical.

As I sat there, I realized I would have to return to



The last leg to France

Dover to try the swim again. Then it occurred to me—why not right now? I had a few numbers in hand. First call: the Channel Swimming and Piloting Federation (CSPF). First miracle: they had just had a cancellation of a relay and offered us the spot. Our pilot Neal Streeter was available and agreed to another attempt. Emma couldn't swim because of her compromised lungs—it would take months for her to fully recover—and Lolly was committed to seeing London for the first time. Pete, Doug, Hal and I were raring to go. Pete and I posted an SOS on the CSPF website looking for two fast

However, it was the journey that counted most. It is with joy, respect and love that I thank my teammates for this crazy adventure.

Emma Perez

Okay, I admit it, I'm addicted to Dover. I have been lucky enough to be in Dover as part of five Channel attempts, with two more in the works.

The first was in 2007 when I had the idea to pull together an all-family relay team. We called ourselves the Chamorro Flying Proa Relay Team. We made it in 13 hours, 7 minutes. I was by far the slowest and remember clearly that as we swam back to the

how excited you are. On my second swim, in my joy and enthusiasm, I dove into the ocean head-first—which I never did in training—and got seawater in my lungs. I swam through the gurgling in my chest, feeling like I couldn't get any oxygen. It was almost impossible to swim face down so I swam backstroke and sent beaming smiles at our observer, so she wouldn't see my distress and pull me. Somehow I was able to complete my hour and prepared myself mentally for going back in, when a dangerous situation developed with boat traffic between us and France, and the tide turned dramatically against us. After a vote (and I know my teammates were very concerned about me), we decided to stop. I can never thank Deirdre enough for watching over me and being a voice of reason. She was our alternate and only crew for this attempt. I found out later that salt water in the lungs can result in hemorrhaging.

Within 72 hours of that attempt, I was back on the water with the Alcatraz Repeat Offenders. I was running a fever and couldn't swim, but I got to crew alongside the amazing Deirdre. It was a bittersweet experience, but I loved it. A highlight was seeing Deirdre swim with the team to the French shore.

Rapidly approaching are Channel crossings numbers six and seven, scheduled for August 2013: Pete's next solo attempt, followed by a relay made up of Dolphins over 50—the Pensioners.

Pete Perez

An English Channel swim is much more than a swim in the sea. To make it happen requires planning: finding a pilot with an open position on a tide; selecting a team; training; waiting for the day that you head to England. Eventually that day comes and you find yourself in Dover making the phone call to your pilot to report that the team is in place. A new kind of waiting begins, one with both excitement and dread. Now you're waiting for your pilot's call telling you to grab your gear and head for the boat. I cannot think about my English Channel experiences without first



No cars allowed through, only Dolphins

swimmers who had already qualified to swim the channel, were willing to pay their way, and were able to be in Dover by Wednesday morning for the next promising tide. That's a lot of ifs to pull together, not to mention the weather, which hadn't been cooperative most of our time in Dover. By Tuesday afternoon, we had intercepted the local grapevine, interviewed a dozen interested swimmers, and chosen Scott Stanley and Lucinda Pollington. We had done the nearly impossible in no time at all. We had a team ready to launch early Wed morning. But the weather did not cooperate. We rescheduled for 10 pm that night, our very last possible window before some of us were booked to return home. Thanks to coincidence, people going to bat for us, lady luck, and a collective desire to ignore fatigue, we got the chance to do it again. This time, we did arrive at the destination, the shores of France.

boat after standing triumphantly on the shore at Wissant, my brother Fred slowed down so I wouldn't be the last. His kind gesture made me cry happily as I swam. Three days later I crewed for my cousin Tim Cespedes, as he became the first Chamorro to swim the English Channel solo.

In 2010, I coached and crewed for my husband Pete's solo. We spent two weeks watching bad weather conditions trying to be optimistic. I remember the moment Pete got the final call from his pilot, Ali Streeter, telling him it just wasn't going to happen. My heart went out to him. But would we have missed this experience? Not a chance.

Last summer I was back in Dover as an Alcatraz Escapee. This attempt with fellow Dolphins was wonderfully complex and taught me a valuable lesson—when attempting a swim that you've carefully trained for, avoid trying anything new, no matter



The team finds two instantaneous recruits on the local grapevine, Scott Stanley and Lucinda Pollington for their second attempt.

remembering that feeling.

I don't remember my swims in a chronological way. Rather, I remember specific instances, moments of experience that will stay with me to the end of my days. I see the window of our hotel room open wide to the sky and the sea birds flying, and I can tell from the clouds if the wind blowing in the Channel off Dover is worsening or easing. I see swimmers training in Dover Harbor coming to the beach for a quick drink while other groups of swimmers talk about the weather, past swims, pilots, and the chances of getting the phone call that day. I see our team gathered on the deck of the Suva discussing the dozen ships directly in our path in the dark and I hear Deirdre's assessment of the danger posed by the seawater in Emma's lungs. I remember breathing left to see a star-filled sky and a bright moon breaking through the clouds and lighting the surface of the sea and breathing right to see the Suva with her running lights and our light wands strung from bow to stern, Neal

steering in the lighted cabin and the silhouettes of my friends on deck. I wished I could tell them right then how wonderful the water felt and how beautiful it was to be in the moment, that moment, in the Channel on the way to France.

After calling the swim and regrouping with two young Brits for another attempt two days later, I remember Lucinda racing through the water with her arms slamming through the waves at an amazing pace. When it was my turn I tried to match that pace. Slam..slam..slam..slam..slamm..slamm..slammmmm... it lasted all of two minutes until I fell into my normal slow stride. We watched from the deck as Doug fought a huge tide and buoys passed by like highway telephone poles. Hal doing a barrel roll salute as he swam. Scott powering through to the finish and struggling to climb onto a rock to end the swim as dozens cheered from a cliffside lookout. And I remember Neal's kindness as he picked Scott up and gave the team the chance to swim

to the French shore together. Deirdre, our backup swimmer and support, swam too, and Emma watched from the Suva's bow with a beautiful smile.

Doug James

We jumped at 10 pm and swam through the night. Being swimmer number 6, my first hour was 3:00 to 4:00 am. Swimming in near total darkness was terrifying at first because I couldn't see the swells or the chop coming toward me. I remembered that my hero Lynne Cox said, "Maintain your focus." I began to concentrate on my breathing and stroke. Soon I was calmer and anticipating what was happening with the surface of the water. At the end of the hour, dawn was just cracking. Scott jumped in to relieve me and I boarded the boat in great spirits. By the time my second swim came up it was mid-morning. We

had been seeing the coast of France come into sharper focus for several hours. There was a monstrous ebb--16 ft of water!--pushing us sideways out to the open sea. As I was crossing the current, I felt like I was surfing. It was great fun, moving through the water as the lighthouse at Cape Gris Nez flew by. Then all of a sudden the current slowed down, the ebb gave way to the flood and we started moving back. My second hour was up. Scott jumped in and powered across the remaining distance. As we moved closer to Cape Gris Nez, we could see tourists standing on the decks beneath the lighthouse. When they saw our boat and Scott in the water, they started waving and shouting. We cheered back. Scott managed to climb up on a rock and hoist his arms into the air. It suddenly became clear to me: all of our training, filling out of forms, the ordeal that United Airlines put us through, the fear of sea sickness, and the countless individual swims were all necessary to place our last swimmer in the sweet spot and enable him to swim ashore and climb

up on that rock! We completed our swim at 12 hrs 46 min.

Deirdre Golani

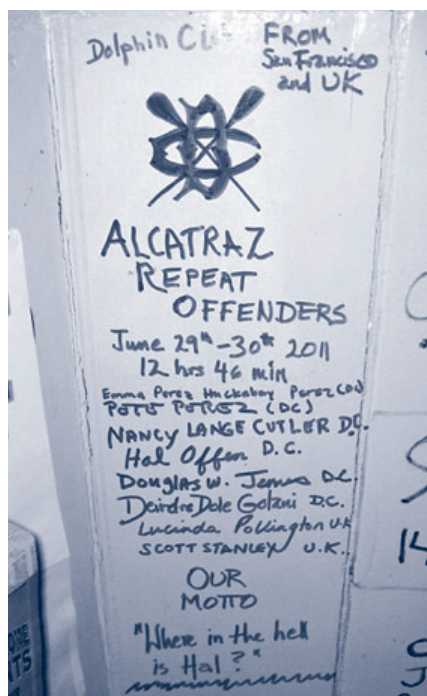
Musings from half of the Repeat Offenders support staff: what an absolutely marvelous group our team was. I have rarely laughed so much in my life. From the ridiculously hilarious antics to the sublime, from the mundane of grocery shopping to the gorgeous sunrise mid-channel, watching Doug's beautiful, even stroke, steadily getting us closer and closer to France. And oh, what happiness to see the sun rising again as the boat pitched and tossed. I am not sure what folly led me to accept the invitation to join the team, after all I hardly even knew any of them, but what an extraordinary, joyful surprise it was to discover these crazy people.

At first the trip did not make much sense: traveling 10,000 miles to take turns to maybe get a chance to attempt the crossing? There was a lot of expense, fear, trepidation, time away from loved ones, more fear-- but then, finally, excitement as we arrived in Dover. It was a coming home in a profound way: being of English descent, I could not look at the ancient buildings, landscapes, trees, castles or cathedrals without feeling the bones of my ancestors whispering to me. I thought of one of my predecessors who rode out on one of the Crusades and survived to become knighted, and how he and his horse would have crossed this body of water twice and in what kind of a vessel? My people would have looked to France, never dreaming that someday their descendants might swim across. From my vantage point up on the boat, I can say that the swimming was spectacular to watch. I was in awe of these people. Swimming through the deepest, darkest night. Fearless, strong, beautiful. I will always feel the deepest gratitude to my team members for making the laughter endless, for sharing themselves in such an intimate experience. It was one of the great journeys of my life. Thanks, team, you are the best!

Hal Offen

2011 was a year of extremes for me.

Unhappy about a breakup with a long-time partner, I lost 25 pounds in two months and with it my famous tolerance for the cold, ironic in the year I'm training for the Channel. On May 1, our team planned an hour practice swim in the cove, then a few hours on Nancy and Jay's boat without benefit of sauna, followed by a second hour in the water. I swam too long the first time and was disoriented on shore. My team stripped me naked and dressed me with a hodgepodge of their clothes, while other club members pressured them to get me to the sauna. They refused, explaining this was important



The lads and lassies from Alcatraz leave their mark.

training. I have only the vaguest memory of this. Kent Meyers told me later I kept begging for a bagel. Then my team led me to the pier behind Hyde Street where the boat was docked. On board, I cuddled up in blankets and went to sleep. When it was time for the second dip, I kept to the hour and did just fine. It was smart training.

Then, six days prior to leaving for England, our team did the test swim for Crissy Field. Afterward, I was happily showering, pleased with myself that my watch read 1:25 and I had been able to complete the swim. Everyone was asking me if I was all

right as they passed the shower. "I'm fine," I grinned. I made it. Such solicitous 'phins. I sat dressed and happy in the sauna--until my pal and pilot Adam Goldberg said to me, "You do know you were pulled, don't you?" "What are you saying?" I argued. "I was not." He said, "Let me ask you this: do you remember coming to shore on your own power?" "Nooo," I realized. Apparently, I made it all the way to the opening and then bobbed upright in the water, flapping my arms like a chicken and going nowhere. My last memory was swimming by the roundhouse. I was bummed until John Ottersberg told me, "Don't fret. You were in the water nearly 50 percent longer than the hour legs you'll have to do in the Channel. And you still have some time to fatten up."

A few weeks later, as we set off on our first crossing, Emma said, "I touched your genitals." "Excuse me?" I responded. She elaborated that she couldn't help it when she was helping lift me into the boat at the Opening. I told her I hoped I hadn't ruined her for Pete. Such was the level of our discourse. But my favorite line of the trip was from Nancy. We had just left Dover on our second attempt with our two game recruits, Lucinda and Scott. Nancy told them, both cute as buttons, how much she admired them for taking the risk of being trapped on a boat for hours with us old fogies who had every intention of taking advantage of them. That broke the ice.

The trip turned out to be the turning point in my grief over the breakup. The swimming was exhilarating and the delightful camaraderie was exactly what I needed. The whole team stayed in the same B&B and had quite a few surprisingly good meals together. It was great for team building and I recommend such an arrangement for future Dolphin teams. Thanks to everyone on the team for giving so much, but a special nod to Pete and Emma, old hands, who handled just about all of the planning and logistics. What a gift to the rest of us. And gratitude to Nancy who played a critical role in instigating and organizing our encore performance.

MILES

2012

LIFE MEMBERS



Alan Budenz



Liam Hennessey



Sid Hollister

25

YEAR
LIFE
MEMBERS



Barbara Keller

(not pictured)

Leibert McGurrin
Celeste McMullen
Maxene Spellman
Michael Weissenberger



Carter Seddon

TONES

Deceased



Pat Clancy
September 1963



50 Year Members (*Golden Dolphins*)

Pierre Hathaway not pictured
May 1962



Lew Cook
March 1962



Pete Bianucci
June 1962

How Lucky Can One Girl Be?

A big Rowers Dinner thank you to all who gave and got, who worked and sang, who ate, drank, and celebrated Boat Night.

If you didn't see the oars, the magic created by Brian Bounds, Jim Frew, Robin Rome, Anne Sasaki, Susanna Fredericks and Reuben Hechanova, you missed a treat. Lucky owners are Tom McCall, Tom Callinan, Bill Schroeder, Erik Cufino and, if whoever outbid me on Reuben's oar guitar doesn't claim his prize, me! (and Rachael Perry has Jim Storm's auctioneering art maven script, hilarious...) Even luckier are those of us who use the Club's oars, who will benefit most from the generosity of tonight's guests as we invest in some new oars and take best care of what we have.

The generosity of Joe Illick, JD Durst, King Sip, Doug James, Daniel Madero, Augustin Hunneus, Frank Gelles, Ken Frank, Baykeeper, Jane Mermelstein and her pod, Mike Silva, Kim Chambers, Lolly Lewis and Jim Storm is also hugely appreciated. Those works and ideas and events are now in, or on their way to, the hands of Betty Kohlenberg, Anne Sasaki, Katie H, Tom and Marj Callinan, Neal and Daragh Powers, Emma and Pete Perez, Ottavia Bassetti, Cathy Lentz, John Nogue, Craig Kenkel, Janie Mayton, Jay and Marianne Dean, and Holly Reid.

Robin and Reuben and Jon B made it hum... (and Robin and Polly Rose made it sing!)... Jim Storm revealed new talent as auctioneer... Ken Frank, Ken Coren and Elizabeth Tippen tended a mean bar... Luke Knowland, Rachael Perry, Andrea McHenry, Mary Magocsy, Kathleen Duffy and Holly Reed turned out and served up a stellar meal... Gizem Orbey, Emily Roth, Laura Atkins, Doug James, Dawn Holley, Janice Wood, Joanne, Eileen Buckley, Mickey Lavelle and others took care of us too... Forgive me if I've left you out... the Boat Committee thanks all who helped at the dinner and all who create and participate in Boat Night, profusely.

I've been Boat Captain for 18 months. As Dean Martin might ask, How Lucky Can One Girl Be? I have learned so much, and gotten to spend so much time with people with the common thread of caring about our Club, caring about our boats. From the America's Cup adventures at City Hall, to the trip to Vessel Traffic/Search and Rescue out on Yerba Buena... from Boat Night to Boat Committee meetings to Board meetings... from rowing and kayak training to actually starting to swim in the Cove myself... from our friends at South End to the gang at Baykeeper... so much joy in this fast-disappearing honor. Our fleet is well-tended and I see more people in and on the water, safely, my two primary goals. And while we haven't whipped South End and taken back the Plaque yet (my third goal, completely attainable this year), the time has come for others to consider taking on this job. What does it entail? It's all about the boats, it's working through budgets and bills, it's figuring things out with Bielinski and Barry, it's a blast! Let me know if you have questions; I won't relinquish it gladly but I'll gladly support the next Boat Captain!

BOAT NIGHT

(to the tune of Petula Clark's *Downtown*)

*When you're alone and life is making you lonely
You can always go -- Boat Night
When you've got worries, all the work and the food
Seems to help, I know -- Boat Night
Just listen to the music of the woodworks in the boathouse
Linger in the boatshop where the lathes and saws are working
How can you lose?*

*The lights are much warmer there
You can forget all your troubles, forget all your cares*

*GO TO BOAT NIGHT, things'll be great when you're at
BOAT NIGHT -- no finer place, for sure
BOAT NIGHT - everything's waiting for you.*

*Don't hang around and let your problems surround you
There are friends and boats at Boat Night
Maybe you know some little stories to tell us*

*Here at the Club at Boat Night
Just listen to the rhythm of a gentle oar repairman
You'll be eating with him too before the night is over
Happy again
The lights are much warmer there
You can forget all your troubles, forget all your cares*

*So GO TO BOAT NIGHT, where all the lights are warm
BOAT NIGHT, waiting for you Tuesdays
BOAT NIGHT, you're gonna be all right now.*

(Instrumental break...)

*And you will find somebody kind to help and understand you
Someone who is just like you but needs more hands to fix our
boats*

*So, I bet we'll see you there
We can forget all our troubles, forget all our cares*

*We'll be at BOAT NIGHT, things'll be great when you're at
BOAT NIGHT, Don't wait a minute for
BOAT NIGHT, Everything's waiting for you.*

-Diane Walton



The One Percent

Standing at the end of the Dolphin Club pier with a superb, unobstructed view of the spectacular fireworks display commemorating the 75th Anniversary of the Golden Gate Bridge, I glanced over my shoulder at Aquatic Park to see throngs of people standing on every available square inch of space also watching the show. I made the wise crack, "I feel like part of the 1%." Mike Silva, who was standing nearby with his sons, shot back, "We really are the 1%." He was referring to the fact that far fewer than 1% of the people around the magnificent San Francisco Bay, ever get in it, let alone go for a swim. I am grateful that I found the Dolphin Club and the fellowship of avid bay swimmers. Since Emma Perez, Erik Cufino and I took on the role of Swim Commissioners, we've been thanked many times for volunteering, usually with offers of help (greatly appreciated). The next question is; why did we take on this enormous task? For me it was a simple decision and I think I speak for the other Swim Commissioners as well: I love the swim program at the Dolphin Club and I want the tradition and camaraderie to continue thriving. Our love of swimming in the bay is rare indeed. Our swim season got off to a great start. There are an amazing number of moving parts to any one of our out-of-cove swims. In many

ways we started with a machine that was already running. The calendar and permits were already set. Test swims were happening. Food was arriving. Swimmers were being checked in, delivered to the start, piloted, timed, accounted for, and recognized with innovative trinkets. We've made a few behind the scenes changes. Emma got a new computer and printer approved and procured, so we will be able to keep up with the statistics and 'helps.' We're working on getting the race results out the race results faster. Erik streamlined the email announcements and organized advance sign up lists for the swims. The Yacht Harbor swim went very well. No one ordered a bus to take us down there so we walked. It turned out to be a very nice stroll. A great opportunity to socialize and get the circulation going. Those that needed a ride got one, but the club saved about \$350. The Pier 39 swim also started with a nice stroll. I learned the intricacies of getting through the locked gate: the Boat Captain arrived on the Arias, was dropped off on the dock, and opened the gate from the inside—brilliant! I also learned that it is nearly impossible to give swimmers directions when they have ear plugs deployed, but we provided entertainment for the tourists along the Embarcadero sidewalk. The Crissy Field Swim posed a few special problems. We've previously taken a bus down there, but environmental sensitivity to the restored beachscape left us without a route from the bus to the water's edge. We opted for a boat.

We also decided on a staggered start with the slowest swimmers—those most adept at handling the cold water since they're in it longer—followed by intermediates, followed by the fast ones. With the help of two kayakers (Barbara Burns and Nigel Killeen), we set them up on an imaginary line sighting with two points on land so that each heat started from the same spot. It worked well. As I write this we just completed the Bay Bridge Swim in glorious, sunny conditions. Even though the current was cooking and we had 47 swimmers to get off the boat, the swimmers managed to stay together long enough for the horn to blast. We rounded the corner at Pier 39 having already started our turn at Pier 27. When we reached the breakwater the water temperature suddenly dropped. All of the swimmers were commenting that they really felt the cold. It seemed like ten degrees although it probably was only three. John Ingle, who came in 47th after about 77 minutes, indicated in colorful language to the warm bodies inside the sauna that he thought we were a bunch of weaklings. It is clear to me that our swim program works so well and has endured for so long because of all the swimmers, pilots and volunteers who love it. We may never join those other one percenters, but we already are the true ones, those who are members of the Dolphin Club and who swim in San Francisco Bay.

*Doug James for Emma Perez
and Erik Cufino June 2012*

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DOLPHIN LOG SWIM STATISTICS

Gashouse Cove

MARCH 18, 2012

1	James Fahlbusch	24:15
2	John Ottersburg	25:14
3	Jesse Czelusta	25:36
4	John Renko	24:45
5	Steve Schatz	25:53
6	Ross Brown	25:45
7	Nigel Killeen	27:54
8	Paul Vanhoven	28:32
9	Megan Wachs	29:19
10	Mickey Lavelle	25:20
11	Randy Edards	30:42
12	Eric Cufino	32:03
13	Andrew O'Mahoney	32:58
14	Kate Coleman	34:35
15	Mike Coren	34:50
16	Terry Horn	35:05
17	Neil Powers	35:13
18	Robert Cable	35:29
19	Jay Adams	35:42
20	Jim Frew	36:18
21	Joe Illick	36:38
22	Phil Rollins	36:58
23	Morgan Kulla	37:19
24	Kathleen Dupprey	37:35
25	Ken Coren	37:52
26	John Horner	38:01
27	Matthew Towers	38:16
28	Jeff Russell	40:51
29	Keith Howell	41:45
30	Alex Buchlmann	41:52
31	Peter Neubauer	43:58
32	Robin Rome	45:31
33	Joe Gannon	46:08
34	Will Powning	47:27
35	Susan Lauritzen	48:54
dnf Mary Barnes,		
Nobu Takahashi		

Helpers: Kathryn Hutton, Susan Allen, Dr Howard, Kim Chambers, Sacto Joe, Roxy Pfifer, Polly Rose, Brian Gilbert, Dawn Holley, Jake Pavlovsky, Sam Ferguson, Laura Burtch
Pilots: J.D. Durst, Tom Hunt, Tom McCall, Jon Bielinski, Bill Schroeder, Liz Kantor, Rich Cooper, Marcus Auerbach, Nancy Hornor, Don Harrison, Peter Perez, Anne Sasaki, Dave Zovickian

Yacht Harbor Swim

APRIL 7, 2012

1	Ross Browne	27:30
2	Laura Burtch	27:54
3	John Renko	28:04
4	Stephen Schatz	28:20
5	Jesse Czelusta	28:53
6	Paul Vanhoven	28:57
7	Tom Nuckton	29:15
8	Butch Haze	29:32
9	Mickey Lavelle	30:09
10	John Nogue	30:11
11	Cesar Manzano	30:16
12	Megan Wachs	30:19
13	Jason Prodoehl	30:23
14	John Stassen	30:51

15	George Morris	31:07
16	Daniel Madero	31:32
17	Andy Stone	31:50
18	Rachel Elginsmith	31:52
19	Doug James	32:10
20	Jim Barron	32:24
21	Robert Cable	32:31
22	Morgan Kulla	32:34
23	Phillip Rollins	32:51
24	John Mattox	32:52
25	Kate Coleman	32:59
26	Jay Adams	33:13
27	Richard Haymes	33:46
28	Joe Omran	33:53
29	Harry Ferdon	34:17
30	Piper Murakami	34:43
31	Peter van der Sterre	34:45
32	Dean Badessa	34:52
33	Kathleen Duffy	35:46
34	Susan M. Allen	35:56
35	Brian Elginsmith	36:05
36	Naphtali Offen	36:26
37	Jamie Robinson	36:33
38	Jane Mermelstein	36:38
38	Firat Yener	36:38
40	Joe Gannon	37:54
41	Will Powning	37:55
42	Janice Wood	38:41
43	Leigh Fonseca	38:52
DQ Gerard Navarro		
DQ Kevin O'Connor		

Pilots: Marcus Auerbuch, Jon Bielinski, Rich Cooper, J.D. Durst, Jim Frew, Frank Gelles, Don Harrison, Reuben Hechanova, Terry Horn, Nancy Hornor, Tom Hunt, Mary Magocsy, Tom McCall, Gizem Orbey, Pete Perez, Bill Schroeder, Patrick Torre, Matt Towers, Diane Walton, Robert Weil, David Zovickian
Helpers: Ross Browne, Stacey Camillo, Nancy Cutler, Dennis Deisinger, Jill Fleming, Joe Gannon, Brian Gilbert, Dierdre Golani, Nancy Hornor, John Hornor, Doug James, Margaret Keenan, Morgan Kulla, Lolly Lewis, Robert Mackey, Cesar Manzano, Jackie McEvoy, Piper Murakami, Kent Myers, Gerard Navarro, John Nogue, Tom Nuckton, Kevin O'Connor, Naphtali Offen, Pete Perez, Neal Powers, Will Powning, Jason Prodoehl, Holly Reed, Phillip Rollins, Robin Rome, Eric Shupert, Andy Stone, Elizabeth Tippin, Monica Towers, Peter van der Sterre, Paul Vanhoven, Cheryl Wallace, Ben Zovickian

Pier 39 Swim

APRIL 28, 2012

1	Patrick Grady	24:28
2	John Renko	24:47
3	John Ottersberg	24:59
4	Ross Browne	25:23
5	Stephen Schatz	26:01
6	Tom Nuckton	26:44
7	John Selmer	26:56
8	Cesar Manzano	27:06
9	Jesse Czelusta	27:18

10	Mickey Lavelle	28:32
11	George Morris	29:18
12	Perpetua Bishop	29:26
13	Erik Cufino	29:28
14	Andrew O'Mahony	29:42
15	Nancy Cutler	29:51
16	Jean Allan	29:52
16	Robert Cable	29:52
18	Morgan Kulla	30:28
19	John Stassen	30:42
20	Peter Hollingsworth	30:46
21	Andy Stone	31:26
22	Joni Bemsterboer	31:36
23	Kate Coleman	32:00
24	Jim Barron	32:22
25	Tom Davis	32:26
26	Margaret Keenan	32:59
27	Peter van der Sterre	33:05
28	Rick Avery	33:16
29	Jay Adams	33:17
30	Keith Nelson	33:50
31	Doug James	33:55
32	Ward Bushee	34:01
33	Jeff Russell	34:03
34	John Hornor	34:10
35	Jackie McEvoy	34:17
36	Kevin O'Connor	34:24
37	Richard Haymes	34:28
38	Pete Neubauer	34:42
39	Susan M. Allen	35:32
40	Keith Howell	35:34
41	Janice McCall	35:35
42	Robin Rome	36:02
43	Pete Perez	36:02
44	Jeff Ranta	37:18
45	Hal Offen	37:47
46	Cheryl Wallace	38:39
47	Joe Illick	38:57
48	Lorna Newlin	38:58
49	Jamie Robinson	39:06
50	Gerard Navarro	39:08
51	Kent Myers	40:41
52	Susan Lauritzen	41:46
53	John Ingle	44:23
54	Stacey Camillo	47:59
Wetsuit Jill Fleming		

Crissy Field Swim

MAY 5, 2012

1	Ottersberg, John	50:08
2	Browne, Ross	50:58
3	Burtch, Laura	51:28
4	Czelusta, Jesse	54:31
5	Manzano, Cesar	54:56
6	Edwards, Randy	58:27
7	Madero, Daniel	61:22
8	Lavelle, Mickey	61:22
9	Nogue, John	61:31
10	Morris, George	61:54
11	Cable, Robert	62:13
12	Barron, Jim	64:42
13	Donavan, Luke	65:07
14	Coleman, Kate	65:37
15	McEvoy, Jackie	65:39
16	Phifer, Roxy	65:58
17	Keenan, Margaret	67:26
18	Matthay, Brian	69:15

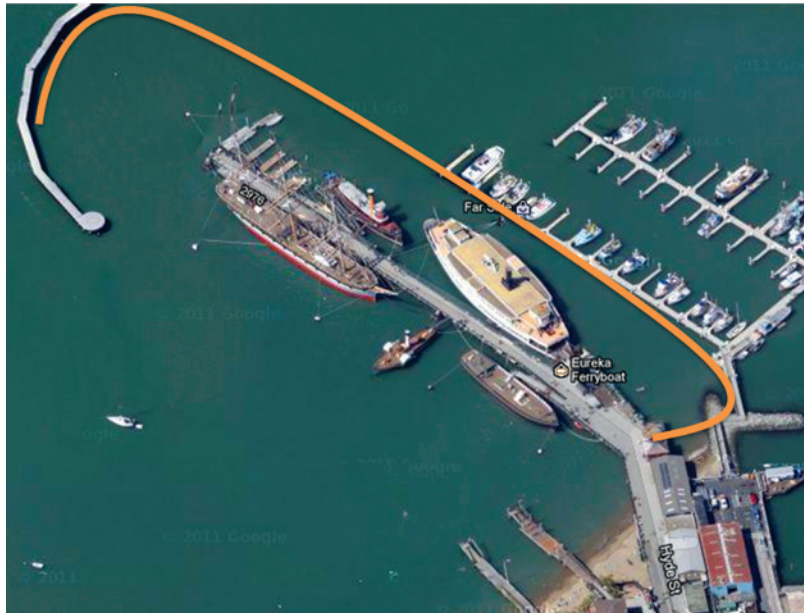
Don't Ask Don't Tell Repealed

Larry's Alley

Our favorite swimming hole just got a little larger. And it wasn't because of global warming and rising sea level. It was because the Dolphin Club Board of Governors approved a motion to "Extend the 'in-cove' swimming boundaries to include the water west of the western-most dock in the fishing boat marina east of Hyde Street Pier." This new boundary gives Dolphins license to frolic with the historic vessels Eureka and Hercules. When the wind is howling from the west, it gives us a calmer place to swim and it adds a little spice to our daily swim routine.

The original in-cove swimming boundaries were established to separate swimmers and commercial fishing boats using the waters on the west and east sides of Hyde Street Pier. At that time, the waters east of Hyde Street Pier were an open waterway and swimmers could easily interfere with docking maneuvers, creating a dangerous situation for boats and swimmers. In return, the commercial boaters agreed to enter and exit the docking area only from the east end of the breakwater and not through "the Opening" at the end of the Municipal Pier.

With the construction of the new, expanded commercial boat marina about twelve years ago, we have a protected waterway that exists between the western-most marina dock and Hyde Street Pier. Approval of this motion now allows Dolphins to use this safe swimming area without violating out-of-cove swimming rules.



The new official expansion of the swimming area.

Larry Scroggins



A long and arduous walk to the start of the June 17th "Pride Swim" on Coughlin Beach (by the Wave Organ). No times were recorded.

19 Nelson, Keith	69:21	34 Ingle John	90:07	Schroeder, Susan M. Allen, Mary Barnes,
20 Stone, Andy	70:06	Pilots: Marcus Auerbuch, John Bielinski,		Jim Barron, Marie Barron, John Hornor,
21 James, Doug	71:21	John Blackman, Paul Brady, Barbara		Kevin O'Connor, Hal Offen, Robin
22 Haymes, Richard	71:48	Byrnes, Tom Davis, Don Harrison,		Rome, Andy Stone, Peter van der Sterre,
23 Hornor, Nancy	71:52	Reuben Hechanova, Dawn Holley, Keith		Laura Atkins, Pete Perez, Ross Browne,
24 Coren, Ken	72:18	Howell, Nigel Killeen, Cathy Lentz,		Kate Coleman, Richard Haymes, Pete
25 Duffy, Kathleen	74:00	Mark Lubiszewski, Will Powning, Emily		Neubauer, John Nogue, Daragh Powers,
26 Hornor, John	76:54	Roth, Bill Schroeder, Patrick Torre, Matt		Neal Powers, Jeff Ranta, Test Swim: Suzie
27 Neubauer, Pete	77:15	Towers, Diane Walton, Robert Weil, Eric		Dodds, Lolly Lewis, Jackie McEvoy, Tom
28 Offen, Hal	79:42	Shackelford		Nuckton, Hal Offen, Stuart Vardaman,
29 Robinson, Jamie	81:33	Helpers: Nancy Friedman, Brian Gilbert,		Natazha Bernie, John Blackman, Joe
30 Wood, Janice	81:54	Kathy Hulton, Pete Perez, Polly Rose,		Gannon, Reuben Hechanova, Doug
31 Mezhibovsky, Vladimir	83:11	Keith Nelson, Perpetua Bishop, Robert		James, Liz Kantor, Daniel Madero, Tom
32 Ranta, Jeff	84:05	Cable, Andrew Cassidy, Lolly Lewis,		McCall, Gerard Navarro, Will Powning,
33 Rome, Robin	86:17	Jackie McEvoy, Emma Perez, Rob		Diane Walton

DOLPHIN LOG SWIM STATISTICS

Bay Bridge Swim

JUNE 10, 2012

1	Grady, Patrick	46:52
2	Ottersberg, John	47:19
3	Renko, John	48:16
4	Browne, Ross	48:49
5	Burtch, Laura	50:03
6	Schatz, Stephen	51:02
7	Chambers, Kim	51:57
8	Wachs, Megan	52:21
9	Manzano, Cesar	52:41
10	Killeen, Nigel	52:50
11	Liggett, Julie	53:50
12	Street, John	54:08
13	Nogue, John	54:23
14	Lavelle, Mickey	55:02
15	Gray, Keith	55:17
16	Prodoehl, Jason	55:23
17	Madero, Daniel	56:29
18	Cassidy, Andrew	56:48
19	Scroggins, Larry	57:32
20	Safer, Davida	57:33
21	Rus, Gina	57:40
22	Davis, Tom	57:53
23	Stone, Andrew	58:15
24	Keenan, Margaret	58:20
25	Cable, Robert	58:23
26	Ferrero, Joe	58:25
27	Adams, Jay	58:40
28	James, Doug	58:40
29	Mattox, John	58:49
30	Johnson, Fred	59:52
31	Nelson, Keith	60:08
32	Avery, Rick	61:39
33	Haymes, Richard	61:48
34	Frew, Jim	62:19
35	McEvoy, Jackie	62:24
36	Buchlmann, Alex	62:28
37	Ferdon, Harry	62:42
38	Hornor, John	62:54
39	Carr, Joanne	63:20
39	Neubauer, Pete	63:20
41	Holley, Dawn	64:19
42	Gannon, Joe	66:31
43	Fonseca, Leigh	66:33
44	Rome, Robin	68:39
45	Wood, Janice	69:19
46	Myers, Kent	73:30
47	Ingle, John	73:47

Pilots: Bielinski, Jon; Blackman, John; Coffman, Gretchen; Durst, J.D.; Harrington, Katie; Harrison, Don; Hechanova, Reuben; Horn, Terry; Kantor, Liz; Lubiszewski, Mark; Mackey, Robert; Mays, Grant; Mermelstein, Jane; Powning, Will; Robiolu, John; Roth, Emily; Sasaki, Anne; Schroeder, Bill; Shackelford, Eric; Torre, Patrick; Walton, Diane; Zovickian, David **Helpers:** Atkins, Laura; Bartu, Peter; Bianucci, Pete; Bishop, Perpetua; Blum, Bob; Carr, Joanne; Cassidy, Andrew; Duffy, Kathleen; Eaton, Frederick; Friedman, Nancy; Gilbert, Brian; Grady, Patrick; Harrington, Katie; Haymes, Richard; Hollister, Sid; Ingle, John; Katzman, Seth; Nelson, Keith; Neubauer, Pete; Offen, Naphtali; Prodoehl, Jason; Ranta, Jeff; Robinson, Jamie; Rome, Robin; Rose, Polly; Rus, Gina; Schatz, Stephen; Scroggins, Larry; Shupert, Eric; Stone, Andrew; Wachs, Megan; Wallace, Cheryl **Test Swim:** Adams, Jay; Cufino, Erik; Dean, Jay; Durst, J.D.; Harrison, Don; Hechanova, Reuben; James, Doug; Kantor, Liz; Lewis, Lolly; Madero, Daniel; Mermelstein, Jane; Nelson, Keith; Nestor, John; Offen, Naphtali; Omran, Joe; Robinson, Jamie; Scroggins, Larry; Torre, Patrick; Walton, Diane; Erik Cufino; Doug James; Emma Perez

Over 45 Gashouse Cove

JUNE 17, 2012

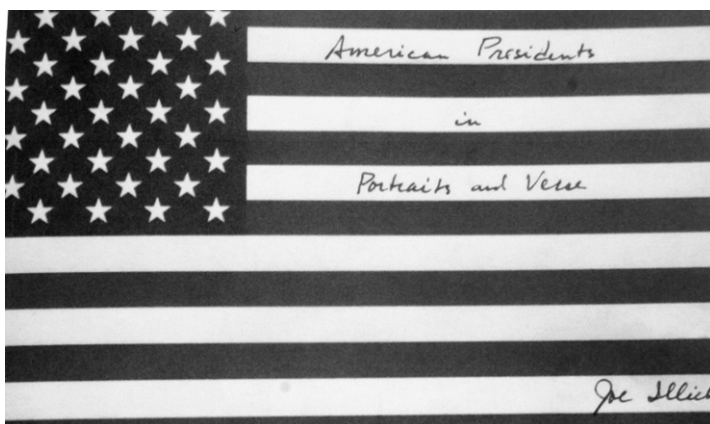
1	Browne, Ross	17:23
2	Schatz, Stephen	17:48
3	Fleming, Jill	18:30
4	Nuckton, Tom	19:08
5	Boyer, Karen	19:45
6	Kulla, Morgan	20:51
7	Allan, Jean	20:53
8	Cassidy, Andrew	21:02
9	Horn, Terry	21:07
10	Scroggins, Larry	21:34
11	Rus, Gina	21:37
12	Stone, Andrew	21:38
13	David, Rick	21:46
14	Adams, Jay	21:51
15	Atkins, Laura	22:17

16	Desmond, Joanne	22:33
17	Nelson, Keith	22:36
18	Dods, Suzie	22:38
19	Mattox, John	23:01
20	Frew, Jim	23:24
21	Hornor, John	23:29
22	Coren, Ken	23:35
23	Hornor, Nancy	23:45
24	O'Connor, Kevin	24:02
25	Carr, Joanne	24:34
26	Badessa, Dean	24:35
27	Parker, Lee Ann	24:53
28	Horn, Libbie	24:55
29	van der Sterre, Peter	25:01
30	McKee, Mark	25:02
31	Offen, Naphtali	26:15
32	Skovlin, Cynthia	26:18
33	Mermelstein, Jane	26:22
34	Myers, Kent	26:31
35	Newlin, Lorna	27:19
36	Wallace, Cheryl	28:18
37	Wood, Janice	28:27
38	Sasaki, Anne	28:42
39	Steck, Kris	28:47
40	Lauritzen, Susan	29:06
41	Katzman, Wendy	29:15
42	Brady, Paul	32:57
43	Ingle, John	33:35

Pilots: Beemsterboer, Joni; Blackman, John; Cufino, Erik; Davis, Tom; Harrington, Katie; Hechanova, Reuben; Holley, Dawn; James, Doug; Killeen, Nigel; Mackey, Robert; McKee, Sunny; Perez, Pete; Roth, Emily; Stassen, John; Torre, Patrick; Wachs, Megan; Weil, Robert **Helpers:** Allan, Jean; Atkins, Laura; Badessa, Dean; Bartu, Peter; Bishop, Perpetua; Boyer, Karen; Browne, Ross; Buckley, Eileen; Czelusta, Jesse; Ferdon, Harry; Frew, Jim; Hornor, Nancy; Katzman, Seth; Mattox, John; O'Connor, Kevin; O'Mahony, Andrew; Osibe, Era; Perez, Emma; Rus, Gina; Son, Jenny; Wood, Janice **Test Swim:** Emma Perez/Pete Perez; Perpetua Bishop/Doug James

American Presidents in Portraits and Verse

Joe Illick



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Anita Day Hubbard First Female Dolphin (1889-1965)

Photos: courtesy Walt Schneebeili

While he was still barely a teenager, Anita Day Hubbard gave Walt Schneebeili the best advice he ever received. Anita Hubbard was a remarkable woman, a journalist in New York and San Francisco, executive secretary of the California Food Administration during World War I, Director of National Thrift Publicity for the U.S. Treasury after the war. She wrote short histories of various parts of the city that were published in the *SF Bulletin*. (A compilation, *Cities within the City* is available through Nook). For 28 years until her death in 1965, she was a columnist with the *San Francisco Examiner*. Her feature, "Good Neighbor" was a precursor to Dear Abby and she had a penchant for giving advice.

Sometime around 1941 the widowed Mrs Hubbard met Dolphin Herb Derham. Fireman Derham was stationed at Engine 31, near the corner of Leavenworth and Green and, according to Walt, Anita was a frequent visitor to the firehouse, sometimes carrying cake for the firemen. She was also often in Derham's company at the Dolphin Club where she regularly swam and rowed, sometimes as crew on the *Wieland*. She had a locker in the women's bathroom.



*Anita and two members' wives at a Cliff House lunch after the Race to the Ocean, December 17, 1950.
From left: Gladys Hughes, ADH, Ann Liva*

In 1949, she became the first woman Dolphin, presented with a gold key to the club "in recognition of outstanding service performed in behalf of the club." After she was momentarily trapped on the beach by a "double header" wave while photographing the Club's annual Hike and Dip to Ocean Beach, the *SF Chronicle* described her as "the only woman member of the Dolphin Club." But not really a member, you say, not a full fees-paying member. Well,



Anita Hubbard photographs the celebration at the end of the annual Race to the Ocean.

perhaps not, and yet every year she gave an award to a club member, selected by the board. It should not necessarily go to a champion rower or swimmer, she insisted, but to someone who best exemplified the spirit of the Dolphin Club. The award? She paid that member's annual dues.

Twelve years after her death, following a fierce legal battle, women were finally admitted to the Dolphin Club.

Oh, and her advice to Walt: Find your passion, and follow it.

Keith Howell



Wieland crew circa 1950: Anita Day Hubbard, Lawton Hughes, Les Hendry, Herb Derham (the boyfriend), Tom Troneum, Andy Dunre, Ray Morino (cox).



The Dolphin Swimming
& Boating Club
502 Jefferson Street
San Francisco, CA 94109

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2012 DOLPHIN CLUB SWIM & EVENT SCHEDULE

Jan 1	Sun TBA	New Year's Day Alcatraz
Jan 1	Sun TBA	New Year's Day Cove Swim
Jan 15	Sun 8:00 am	*Pier 41
Feb 19	Sun TBA	Old Timer's Lunch
Mar 18	Sun 7:30 am	*Gashouse Cove
Apr 7	Sat 10:00 am	*Yacht Harbor
Apr 28	Sat, 8:45 am	*Pier 39
May 5	Sat 9:00am	*Crissy Field
May 19	Sat TBA	Rowers Dinner
Jun 1	Fri	100-Mile Swim Begins
Jun 10	Sun 6:00 am	*Bay Bridge
Jun 16	Sat 7:00 pm	*Doc Howard Over 45 Gas House Cove
Jun 17	Sun 9:00 am	*Pride Swim
Jul 1	Sun 7:30 am	*Fort Point
Jul 21	Sat TBA	*Trans Tahoe Relay
Jul 28	Sat TBA	*Santa Cruz One Mile
Aug 12	Sun 10:00 am	Joe Bruno Golden Gate
Aug 19	Sun 11:00am	Walt Schneebeli Over 60 Cove
Sep 9	Sun 8:30 am	Alcatraz
Sep 23	Sun 8:00 am	Escape from Alcatraz Triathlon
Oct 14	Sun TBA	Dolphin/South End Triathlon
Oct 27	Sat 9:00 am	Dick Beeler Crazy Cove
Oct 31	Wed	100-Mile Swim Ends
Nov 3	Sat TBA	Pilot Appreciation Dinner
Nov 22	Thur 9:00 am	Thanksgiving Day Cove
Nov 23	Fri	Grizzly Bear Challenge
Dec 15	Sat 9:00 am	New Year's Day Qualifier
Dec 21	Fri	Polar Bear Swim Begins
Dec 31	Sat 11:59pm	Grizzly Bear Challenge Ends

ROWING TRAINING
These Saturdays as 9:00 am
January 21, Saturday
February 18, Saturday
March 24, Saturday
April 21, Saturday
May 19, Saturday
June 23, Saturday
July 21, Saturday
August 18, Saturday
September 23, Sunday
October 20, Saturday
November 24, Saturday
December 22, Saturday

Intro to bay swimming *usually*
offered Sunday after board
meetings, check website
www.dolphinclub.org

SWIM PROGRAM RULES

1. Club scheduled swims are restricted to club members only.
2. Swimmers are required to wear fluorescent orange caps on all scheduled swims.
3. For out-of-cove swims, swimmers must be members in good standing with club dues current, \$40 swim fees paid, and a current PMS card on file. In-cove swims are free and open to all members.
4. New members are not eligible to swim in scheduled out-of-cove swims for six months from their membership start. However, if one successfully completes the 100-mile swim or 40-mile Polar Bear swim before their six months are up, they can participate in out-of-cove swims.
5. Swimmers must be in attendance at briefing prior to each swim in order to participate.
6. Swim sign-up sheets are posted two weeks prior to each swim.
7. Time limits are imposed and enforced for all swims.
8. All club boats are reserved for scheduled swims.
9. In-town members must successfully complete three swims and pilot or help on at least two others.
10. Out-of-town members (those residing 100+ miles from the club) must have successfully completed two of the last three club scheduled Alcatraz and/or Golden Gate swims or meet Rule 9 above.
11. * Indicates swim is a qualifier for Alcatraz and Golden Gate Swims

*All times are approximate & subject to change.
TBD means "to be determined".*

Alcatraz Island
1.4 miles

Fort Point
3.5 miles

Crissy Field
2.5 miles

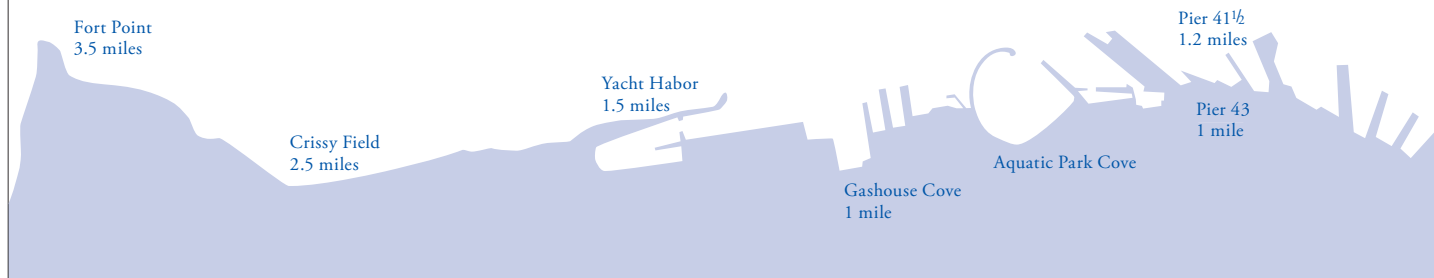
Yacht Harbor
1.5 miles

Gashouse Cove
1 mile

Aquatic Park Cove

Pier 41½
1.2 miles

Pier 43
1 mile



FALL 2012

DOLPHIN LOG

THE BULLETIN OF THE DOLPHIN SWIMMING & BOATING CLUB • SAN FRANCISCO • ESTABLISHED 1877



Once 'Round the Cove

Dolphin Log

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Sunny McKee, *Graphic Designer*

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Contributing Historian

Walter Schneebeil

Published By

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www.dolphinclub.org

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Sterre

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Cover - photo by Gilles Martin-

Raget, America's Cup Encounter

with Dolphin Marcus Auerbach

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MC Printers

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Royce Color, SF

Editorial Policy

Submission of any and all material to the Log editors from any and all authors constitutes an agreement between the authors and the editors. This agreement gives to the editors the right to alter the submitted material in any way that the editors feel will improve the material for Log readers. Decisions to alter or publish submitted material will be the decision solely of the editors.



photo by Sunny McKee

Lolly Lewis pilots the Escape From Alcatraz Triathlon Swim

Kayak Rules

1. Kayak training (at least first half of regularly-offered rowing training, covering tides and currents, and then a separate time on kayaks) allows you to use kayaks inside the Cove.
2. Boat Captain certifies you for use of kayaks outside the Cove for Dolphin Club events, regularly scheduled swims and approved Out of Cove swims.
3. There is no set number of times to take the craft out before asking the Boat Captain to certify you but do practice what you learned in class!
4. Kayak pilots must wear or carry a 'pfd' and fly an "Oscar-swimmer in the water" flag. You're responsible for method of attachment to the watercraft- a worthwhile challenge because one of your roles as pilot is to add visibility to the swimmer.
5. Use of kayaks for non DC event paddling is allowed for those who have been trained and certified, but you cannot launch from or return to the DC beach.
6. Sign them out; clean them up when you return.
7. Owners know that part of storing their kayaks at the Club is allowing use by other members.



Come Swim with me and be my Bride

Paige:

I take you, Jesse, to be my husband. To have and to hold, across channels and under bridges, in cold water and in warm, in kayaks and in Whitehalls. I pledge to drink *vin en vrac* together, to eat leftovers together, to adventure together. I want to grow old together. And some summer day, many years from now, long after our pictures have been put up on the Dolphin Club walls, I want to swim with our grandchildren, out to the opening, to watch one more sunrise over the Bay.

With this ring, I promise to love you, too much and a lot, for all the squares of my life.



photo by Cassidy Scott

Paige Conlam and Jesse Czelensu betrothal

Jesse:

I take you, Paige, to be my wife. To have and to hold, in ebb and in flood, through polar bears and 100 milers, in seasickness and in health. I pledge to swim with you, to travel with you, to jump off life's piers you. I want to grow old together. And some winter day, many years from now, long after our pictures have been put up on the Dolphin Club walls, I hope we will roll down to the club on walkers or in wheelchairs, swim out to the opening, and watch one more sunset over the Golden Gate.

With this ring, I promise to love you forever and like you for always, in current and in slack.

Remerciements

I came to San Francisco to swim the Golden Gate. And I did. I will keep many memories of this beautiful adventure, but the most moving one is not the bridge, as I

proportion to the water temperature. After the Gate swim, when the names and times of the swimmers were announced, and my name was read, I was treated to an ovation and a

The French television reporters good-naturedly called you "the crazies of the Bay", and that's what attracted me. But when I see the way you make the most of each opportunity, the way you

appreciate physical effort and thrills, intensely, simply, and discreetly, and without the friction of excessive competition, I think you are much more than crazy, you are epicurean.

They should have called you "the sages from the Bay."

We don't know when we will have a new opportunity to go to San Francisco to share your way of life, but we have a last request: Stay as you are.



photo by Yves Amiel

initially thought. It is the members of the Dolphin Club. The Dolphin Club is a place where the welcome is warmer than the sauna, in inverse

rousing version of "La Marseillaise." It was very moving and brought tears to Caroline's eyes. Again, thank you so much for the way you received us.

Our thanks to you all.
Caroline & Yves Amiel
Mouvaux, France



photo by Kim Chambers

From Left Kim Chambers, Joe Locke, Phil Cutti, David Holscher, Zach Jirkovsky, Patrick Horn Vito Biella, Hal McCormack, Patti Bauernfeind

Working in the coal mine.....

October 4, 2012. Day 1

We were a team of six: Phil Cutti, Patti Bauernfeind, David Holscher, Joe Locke, Zach Jirkovsky and myself. Our jobs were to swim four one-hour shifts per day. Mine would be 1pm – 2pm, 7pm- 8pm, 1am – 2am and 7am – 8am. Everyday. Four hours per day of swimming sounds like a pretty good training week and at first glance it doesn't sound like that much.

And so it seemed, but just as I began to settle my mind and “wind down,” after my first swim, it was time to get ready to go in again. Heading back into the sea each time, sleep deprivation was my biggest concern. My normal routine allows for an indulgent 9 hours of sleep per night.

Somehow, my body was able to adjust to the routine and survive on no more than 2-3 hours of sleep per day. I don't recall ever feeling tired as such, just spacey. My teammates also

had to manage on minimal sleep. We were like a finely tuned machine that ticked along on autopilot.

And we willingly kept on, even though we had a legitimate reason to back out. After the first 24 hours, our boat had a mechanical failure and we considered abandoning our goal of reaching Santa Barbara 300 miles away. Amazingly, everyone on the team was determined to press on. In fact we all cheered when we found out that a mechanic would meet us at Santa Cruz and replace the broken steering throttle.

No one complained, everyone just did their “job” – four shifts a day. Rinse and repeat. With a latex swim cap that sometimes felt like a miner's helmet and a blinky light that was our lamp in the darkness, David Holscher restarted our journey amongst cheers from the pinnipeds who resembled other coal mining

Kimberly Chambers

brethren

Day 3

By now, each hour-long shift seemed like an eternity. With every stroke I felt like I was reaching into endless amounts of space and I would gaze with wonder at the expanse around me. I felt like I had magical powers flying through a giant mythical aquarium.



photo by Kim Chambers

Jellyfish stings everywhere

But I was also acutely aware of the time as I swam, and I would watch the boat intently for any activity “out of the ordinary”; as long as everything seemed fairly routine on the boat, I had no concern. With Joe standing watch at the stern I would do my best to align with the helm and watch the boat captain, developing an unspoken but intense connection. He was ultimately responsible for my well being as we journeyed through the unknown. He was my protector. My guardian.

As I became more and more sleep deprived, I couldn’t help but notice my heightened sense of fear. The aquarium had begun to turn into a padded cell where I was left with my “Self” and the thoughts that consumed me. The hours between each swim were a roller coaster of varying emotions: relief, joy and laughter and then fear and anticipation.

I began to feel scared. Really scared. And my way of dealing with fear was to prepare and to control what little I could control before the inevitable: literally jumping feet first into the unknown.

One hour before each entry, I changed into a dry swimsuit and began applying the first of two thick coats of Safe Sea jellyfish sting protective lotion.

Sometimes I would look at Joe with desperation and fear. Time after time, Joe would hold me and I would cry quietly. “It’s not brave if you’re not scared,” he once whispered in my ear.

I would sit with a cup of tea and obsessively check my watch. 35 minutes until jump. Apply more jellyfish sting protective lotion. Check my watch. 20 minutes until jump. Eat a carbohydrate Gu packet. Captain:



photo by Kim Chambers

Start of another shift

“15 minutes”, “10 minutes” counting down the time until my next swim shift, the time would suddenly blast by.

With five minutes to go I would put on my goggles and simply sit and try to calm my mind. For my night shifts, 7pm and 1am, I would carefully turn on the red blinky light on the back of my goggles. And then ask Joe 2 or 3 times “is my blinky light on?” “Are you sure – my blinky’s on, right?” It was dark out there.

And then Joe would open the door. The air outside was cold in stark contrast to the warm comfort of the boat cabin. With seconds to the count down, the swimmer was signaled. I made my way to the edge of the boat where in an instant I would plunge down into the cold darkness.

Day 4

Detached from the safety of the boat and my teammates, the more sleep deprived I became, the more vulnerable I felt at night. Alone with my thoughts, my mind spun off in different directions.

During two separate evening shifts I sensed that something was staring at me from my right side. Not simply looking, but staring, almost bearing down on me. And it’s presence felt extremely close. Perhaps it was a lonesome seal or perhaps it was a curious shark. Or maybe it was my mind playing tricks as the sleep deprivation took hold of my thoughts. The reason didn’t matter. From that moment on I decided that I was too afraid to breathe to my right side as I swam. Not swimming again in the dark was not an option. I simply just wasn’t going to dare look to my right. I felt that would make it all ok. If I didn’t look to my right, I was safe. Problem solved. Check.

Joe would watch over me religiously from the back of the boat. Standing motionless in a hooded

jacket with his hands in his pockets, his silhouette was eerily similar to a medieval watchman standing guard over the tower. With 15 minutes left in my shift, Joe would vanish into the cabin to organize himself for his swim shift, which directly followed mine.

Honestly this became the sweet spot of my evening hour-long shifts. I reflect on this now with some guilt. I love Joe, but I was delirious with glee knowing that my shift was almost over and I was about to re-enter the safe warm sanctuary of the boat. “Get me out of here,” was all I could think, and not so much on the person I love (sorry Joe) about to plunge into the icy darkness.

With every breath I took - breathing to my left exclusively - I watched the boat. Sometimes I was so focused, I felt like a starving wild dog salivating over its first meal in days. Every time I looked at the cabin there was darkness. Until that moment with five minutes remaining in my shift, I would spot the blue blinky light beginning to pulse from Joe’s goggles.

I can't describe the immense joy and relief I felt to see that.

Minutes later, Joe would emerge at the back of the boat, his blinky light radiating through the darkness like a glorious halo. Before I knew it there was a splash in the water behind me. Joe was in and my shift was over.

Last night the swell was huge. I swam towards the stern as the platform was lowered. With massive waves sending the platform many feet over my head and then plunging it below the surface, I would reach for the handles in vain. Again, my sanctuary would vault above my reach and I would try stretching through the darkness. Before I knew it, I would flop on the platform and hear those sweet sweet words, "swimmer up," signaling to the captain that I was safely out of the water...for now.

Day 6

And so with each evening, the lights dim on the iridescent blue stage, and, unbeknown to us, the curtains were beginning to close on our performance. A new enemy that we had not counted on was slowly grinding us down and was destined to cut the cord on our swim.

It was not the sharks that everyone had predicted. The cause for our decision to abort was much more prosaic: jellyfish. While beautiful, they eventually became a terror. Each night, I would watch them rise toward the surface of the water during my 7pm- 8pm shift, yellow-brown orbs with 4-5ft tentacles but still bobbing below me, a safe distance away.

That all changed two nights ago when my 1am – 2am shift became jellyfish mardi gras. I felt a sudden slap across the face by 4ft long tentacles. Stretching into the nothingness my hands would bump into huge gelatinous blobs; massive gelatinous ghosts floating through the darkness.

I was stung every 3 seconds and becoming frenetic. Snake-like jellyfish (Siphonophores) would wrap around my arms and legs, others would slap me in the face and slip into my swimsuit. As I swam I would have to stop to pull them out. Joe and Patrick who were watching described the horror of seeing them glow from my blinky light as a veil of jellyfish covered me from head to toe.

Very soon it became increasingly difficult to breathe... it was *excruciatingly painful*! My whole body felt as if it was on fire. It was as if I was constantly being tasered. Still, I finished my shift. Joe jumped in after me and had a few minutes of stings but then luckily for him, the waters cleared.

The next night we only experienced mild stings. However, on Friday evening everything went wrong. Due to an adverse current we literally swam in place for the entire day, traveling no more than nine miles in 24 hours. Then, as the sun set, the snake-like jellyfish were back. They were a different species, lacking the large tentacles, but the pain was all too familiar and every bit as extreme.

Again I was tasered across my entire body and I felt that familiar intensity of excruciating pain with the burn. I yelled to Joe to warn him of his next shift "JELLYFISH!" Then I kept swimming. The numbers seemed only to increase.



photo by Kim Chambers

Author and Joe Locke in recovery

I stopped a couple of times and brought my head up to breathe; the stings felt as if they were literally sucking the air from my lungs. Still somehow I continued to swim. I knew I just needed to finish my one-hour shift. Stopping to lay on my back and catch my breath I noticed Vito and Holscher standing on the back of the boat with Joe.

"I'm ok – it really hurts – but I'm ok," I told them, stopping again for a breath of air after another particularly nasty barrage.

Searching for air again, I stopped to breath and saw the panic on the boat. "I'm ok! I'm going to finish my shift! I'm not getting out!" I said. "2 minutes," Joe replied. Again more stings, as I pushed my arms through the water. Before I knew it, I saw Joe swim past me. My shift was done.

Still struggling to breathe, as my teammates helped me warm up on the boat, I was given the crushing news: our swim was over. Careful not to risk the rest of the team who had all been exposed to multiple jellyfish stings and mindful of the fact that we were not making any headway, our team decided to return to shore.

But perhaps the greatest sting of all was the
(continued on page 18)

What a great summer! More rowers, more kayakers, more people out in the shells... and more people at Boat Night than ever. Kudos to the learners and the teachers, as well as to those who pilot and those who race the boats, on close waters and far.

What's next? Same goals, same joys? Wanting more people on the water, safely, at Lake Merced and in the Bay, and making sure that's possible with lots of training and vigilant maintenance of the fleet... Protecting our swimmers, of course... Having the Board build our relationships with like-minded groups around the City will continue to be useful, I'm sure.

Should there be some new considerations? Should we add getting more kids out on the water to our to-do list? Should we think about how best to develop even more boat building capacity amongst our members? Offer oar-making classes? Should we provide more talks by maritime rock stars? Support our elite rowers more? Have knot-tying or mapmaking nights? Let me know what you want.

Most of all, enjoy!

Diane
Dianewalton9@earthlink.net

Here are some oft-repeated things that others have said about San Francisco and about boats.

"Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing - absolutely nothing - half so

much worth doing as simply messing about in boats." - Kenneth Grahame, *The Wind in the Willows*

"One day if I do go to heaven I'll look around and say, 'It ain't bad, but it ain't San Francisco.'" - Herb Caen

"Only the guy who isn't rowing has time to rock the boat." - Jean-Paul Sartre

"There may not be a Heaven, but there is a San Francisco." - Ashleigh Brilliant

"Once upon a time in the dead of winter in the Dakota Territory, Theodore Roosevelt took off in a makeshift boat down the Little Missouri River in pursuit of a couple of thieves who had stolen his prized rowboat. After several days on the river, he caught up and got the draw on them with his trusty Winchester, at which point they surrendered. Then Roosevelt set off in a borrowed wagon to haul the thieves cross-country to justice. They headed across the snow-covered wastes of the Badlands to the railhead at Dickinson, and Roosevelt walked the whole way, the entire 40 miles. ... what makes it especially memorable is that during that time, he managed to read all of Anna Karenina. I often think of that when I hear people say they haven't time to read." - David G. McCullough

"When you get tired of walking around in San Francisco, you can always lean against it." - Unknown

Row Results

2012 Wine Country Regatta

Women's Masters Singles [27-60 years old]:

Racheal Perry: 23:54.90 (handicapped), 24:15.00 (raw), 2nd place, 2.9%
Kelley Amdur: 24:19.00 (handicapped), 25:01.00 (raw), 3rd place, 4.6%
Annie Hiniker, 24:54.00 (handicapped), 24:54.00 (raw), 5th place, 7.1%

Men's Masters Singles A-C [27-49 years old]:

Joe Abrams: 21:53.90 (handicapped), 22:49.00 (raw), 1st place, 0.0%
Eric Carman: 23:28.00 (handicapped), 24:18.00 (raw), 4th place, 7.2%

Open Mens Single:

Mike Perry: 21:06.00, 1st place, 0.0%

2012 Head of the Charles:

10/20/2012

Senior-Master Singles Women [40+]:

Racheal Perry: 21:40.84 8th place 5.24%
Kelley Amdur: 22:51.37, 20th place, 10.95%

Club Singles Women:

Annie Hiniker: 21:52.30, 12th place, 4.46%

Men's Championship Singles:

Mike Perry: 18:27.75, 12th place, 2.90%

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photo by Sunny McKee

Seal Rocks on a calm day

Lucky to be alive: Swept to sea and rescued off Ocean Beach

By Steve “Zen Buddha” Krolik and Gary Silberstein

It was a typical gray San Francisco winter’s day, the fog hiding the horizon. Two young Lowell high school students, Gary Silberstein and I, taking advantage of the winter break went down to Ocean Beach at around 10 am on the morning of December 22, for another day of surfing. The year was 1959 and surfing, and even swimming, was considered extremely dangerous at Ocean Beach. A warning on the stairs leading down to the sand read “Dangerous Undertow.” We didn’t have much in the way of wetsuits either, I had just a vest with a hole in the front, Gary wore a jacket.

We entered the water on the south side of the old Olympic Club pier at the foot of Balboa Street and the Great Highway and stroked out beyond the breaker line. I had no surfboard and enjoyed the excitement and immersion of bodysurfing with fins, while Gary had an early O’Neil balsa board. Almost

immediately a strong current began pulling us north. In those days there were no attached leashes and Gary soon lost his board trying to reach me in the current. Once we realized how quickly we were being pulled north, we tried bodysurfing but couldn’t make the shore.



The Floto device which expanded to become a bright yellow tube, and which saved their lives.

It seemed only minutes before we had passed the north end of Kelly’s Cove beach and Seal Rocks* loomed up in front of us. They were dangerously uninviting. We considered trying to climb up and hang out among the slumbering sea lions, but the seven-foot swells pounding against the sharp rocks were too intimidating. We didn’t have a pinniped’s thick skin and inches of fat for protection. Within a few moments, the opportunity to climb to safety was lost as the strong and relentless current pushed us north and west towards Marin County and into the shipping channel.

**Years later in happier, safer circumstances, on windless sunny afternoons, I would paddle my surfboard out to Seal Rocks, secure it safely in a crevice and climb up to the top. There, bracing in the calm of a breezeless day against the wind, I would practice various Hatha Yoga poses. SK*

At this time we had one practical asset going for us; Gary's father encouraged him to carry a safety float called a "Floto" when surfing. Gary had tucked the device under his suit. If ever there was a time when it was needed, it was now. Squeezing the two sides of the Floto together detonated a CO2 cartridge that inflated a bright yellow tube. That yellow tube made a great, high visibility signal against the steel gray swells that surrounded us. We waved it frantically at the tourists having their breakfast in the Cliff House*. But we didn't know if anyone saw us, distressed, in need of immediate rescue to survive. Soon shore and survival seemed a long way off. Sighting various fishing boats motoring home to San Francisco after a morning's fishing, we frantically waved the Floto. They seemed to come so close, we were sure they must see us drifting, but they sailed on oblivious of our peril.

It was about then, after drifting for about two hours under a gloomy gray sky, that the cold of the 50°F ocean water began to adversely affect me. Although I never completely lost consciousness, Gary told me later, I had turned a bluish purple, a clear symptom hypothermia. I'll let him take over the story.

Our rescue occurred as our time afloat approached the third hour, around 12:45pm. As we drifted north and west, four or five fishing boats motored north towards us and we desperately tried to attract their attention with the yellow inflated Floto. The last boat passed perhaps 50 yards away. Details of men working on the deck were plainly visible. We screamed and waved, but they weren't looking our way, and besides we must have been difficult to see in the swell.

Once they passed, the sea was empty and Steve said we were going to die. We had by then drifted north near the shipping channel and could

look back towards the Golden Gate Bridge. Steve was pretty immobile from the cold due to a rip in his wetsuit vest through which December-cold water washed over his chest. We had no swim caps.

My jacket was intact and so I was not badly off--at that point. I figured that after Steve died, I would let go of him and drift/ swim to Marin. We were aimed at Pt. Bonita and I imagined I could make it to land. I had resolved that I would probably have to spend the night in the ocean. In retrospect, with the current running, my chances of survival were next to nil. At 17, hope prevailed over reason.

Fortunately, it didn't come to that. Drifting in the cold empty sea, rising and falling with the swells, I spotted the beautiful bow wake of 95309 steaming west at speed. I remember that it threw up a lot of spray. They were on a mission! Rising to the top of a swell, I waved the yellow Floto as high as I could, and moments later, 95309 changed course and headed directly for us! What a sight!! I knew they had seen us and that we were saved.

As they approached us, the boat slowed to a stop and a Guardsman called out from the bow, "Was there anyone else on board?" He thought we were on a boat that had sunk and when I answered that we were not on boat, he asked "What are you doing out here?" I think we were about a mile and a half offshore at that point. I said "Please take us on board and we'll tell you."

A life ring was thrown and a landing net put over the side. Steve now was quite immobile from hypothermia, so I grabbed the ring and held on to him while Guardsmen



High schoolers, Steve Krolik (now a Dolphin) and Gary Siberstein were rescued by the Coast Guard, after nearly three hours in the water.

pulled us up to the boat. Letting go of Steve, I climbed up while a Guardsman climbed overboard and low on the net, grabbed Steve and lifted him aboard.

The Guardsmen were so kind to us and happy to see us alive. After they had taken us aboard, I recall one said "We rarely get 'live ones, most of our pickups are dead!" Very sobering. Blankets and hot liquids were gratefully taken. Steve was so cold that he found it extremely difficult to hold a spoon still enough to take in hot liquids. I was not particularly cold so I was ok.

So ended our rescue and began our forever indebtedness to the Captain and Crew of 95309. Almost 50 years later, after both the captain and I had retired, I managed to find him and sent him a letter expressing our thanks. He replied sending wonderful
(continued on page 18)

**It turns out that some diners at the Cliff House from Wisconsin did see our distress and, insisted that the Coast Guard be called.*

Another successful swim season

What a great swim season it was. We actually had a warm afternoon and evening following the Over 45 Gashouse Cove swim. The Joe Bruno Golden Gate and Alcatraz swims went off without a hitch. There was a nice turnout of swimmers in Santa Cruz for the annual swim around the Municipal Wharf. We had some notable individual swim projects. Adam Engelskirchen and Greg Kearney did solo English Channel crossings. Roxie Pfifer swam 8 miles in the Great Salt Lake. Suzie Dods did 'Swim the Suck' 10 miles in Chattanooga, TN. A Dolphin relay team crossed the Catalina Channel. We had DC members in a relay from SF to Santa Cruz and Santa Cruz to Morro Bay, and a number of adventurous "Private Out of Cove" swims, including several Alcatraz round trips and a swim from Sausalito to the Dolphin Club. We also swam to raise funds for BayKeeper and Shark Stewards.

This year the South End Club invited us to join them for the first annual Pride Swim on the first Sunday of LGBT Pride Week. It was a non-timed swim from Coghlan Beach, open to all members of both clubs. Swimmers wore festive attire and pilots decorated their boats with rainbow flags.*The Fort Point Swim maintained its place as the most unpredictable swim in our line up. In order to have swimmers not so spread out along the shore, which makes monitoring difficult for the pilots, the swim commissioners decided to start the Ft. Point Swim in two heats. The swimmers' boat pulled up to a position just north of the south tower of the Golden Gate Bridge and the slower swimmers jumped and rode a strong flood to the middle of the channel. The faster swimmers were going to jump 15 minutes later but a large tanker came into the gate and changed everything. The swimmers' boat had to move south of the south tower. In the meantime pilots had to reposition some of the slower swimmers closer to shore to keep them away from the

route of the tanker. The tanker ended up taking the northern, deepwater channel, so we could have just kept to our original plan but it was too late. By the time the faster swimmers jumped, they were 20 minutes behind and they started from a different place. We had two different races and the swimmers were really spread out. While the slower swimmers had a strong flood to carry them, the faster ones were caught in the back eddies of the Presidio Shoals off Crissy Field. It was quite something to see – many of the slower swimmers finished significantly ahead of faster swimmers, even with the handicap subtracted. Some of the faster swimmers were in the water over 1:40. All through this saga the pilots did an incredible job.

The Joe Bruno Golden Gate swim went off pretty well. We had an excellent start and while there were improvements for the finish, some swimmers still couldn't see the timing boat even though a big American flag was flying from it. Next year I might investigate obtaining a giant inflatable Neon Dolphin that people could swim towards. We will also be hosting a workshop entitled: 'Swim Goggle Maintenance for Clearer Vision.'

This year was my first Over 60 Cove swim. We had such a raging flood that the 'Commodore's Swim' was swum to the second buoy rather than the Epplenon Hall. The usual 'Flag and Back' took longer than usual. For the long swim we first swam to the Bad Becky (any combination of routes west or east of the Hyde St Pier was OK), then through the Jacuzzi to the opening, then to the red boat near the Sea Scout dock and back to our beach. The flood was so strong it was quite a challenge getting to the opening.

Our other big swim, of course, is Alcatraz. Two boat-loads of swimmers jumped from the west side of the island not long after one of those postcard sunrises over the East Bay hills. The water was smooth and the swimmers' times were fast. The Escape From Alcatraz Triathlon went off two weeks



photo by Shari Kidani

*Doug James, Co-Swim Commissioner
and sage*

later with so much fog they actually started on the east side of the island even though the test swim the day before started from the west. Needless to say, the visibility wasn't the greatest.

Before I close I wanted to thank all of the pilots for making all our swims including the test swims possible. Many swimmers have taken advantage of the private out-of-cove swims, where a small group will do their own swim accompanied by pilots that they arrange. The procedure is to fill out a form (on our website) detailing the logistics of the proposed swim and submit it to the Swim Commissioners and Boathouse Captain for approval. Since pilots are sometimes hard to arrange, I would encourage more swimmers to step up and become certified to row or kayak. That way, by trading off between swimming and piloting on different swims, more people could experience private out-of-cove swims.

*Doug James
for Erik Cufino and Emma Perez,
October 2012*

*There was a very nice video made by a South Ender that says it all.
http://youtu.be/KaB0bdnWo_A

DOLPHIN LOG SWIM STATISTICS

Pride Swim

JUNE 17, 2012

Swimmers Alphabetically:

Jay Adams
Ross Browne
Robert Cable
Jill Fleming
Jim Frew
Jay Gardner
Katie Harrington
Terry Horn
Virginie Jabbour
Julie Liggett
Jackie McEvoy
Jane Mermelstein
Kent Myers
Pete Neubauer
Hal Offen
Robin Rome
Anne Sasaki
Cynthia Skovlin
Sky Stanfield
Megan Wachs
Janice Wood
Firat Yener

Pilots: Patrick Torre, Pete Perez, Emily Roth, Liz Kantor, Doug James, Paul Irving, Bill Schroeder, Dean Badessa
Helpers: Jane Mermelstein, Jackie McEvoy Test Swim: Emma Perez, Perpetua Bishop, Doug James, Pete Perez

Fort Point Swim

JULY 1, 2012

Group A –
Started north of South Tower

1 John Mattox	62:54
2 Tom Davis	63:19
3 Andrew Stone	63:50
4 Fred Johnson	65:01
5 Davida Safer	66:27
6 Harry Ferdon	67:22
7 Jackie McEvoy	68:56
8 Joanne Carr	69:32
9 Pete Neubauer	69:41
10 Hal Offen	69:54
11 John Ingle	75:51
12 Keith Nelson	96:58

Group B – Started south of South Tower, 20 minutes after Group A

1 Greg Kearney	69:12
2 John Street	69:35
3 Adam Engelskirchen	71:31
4 Virginie Jabbour	71:52
5 John Ottersberg	71:59
6 Patrick Grady	72:17
7 Ross Browne	73:52
8 Nigel Killeen	79:28
9 James Fahlbusch	82:00
10 Stephen Schatz	82:39
11 Andrew Cassidy	83:20
12 Cesar Manzano	89:23
13 Mickey Lavelle	92:23
14 Gina Rus	93:06
15 Steve Glazer	95:31

16 Peter Bartu	96:52
17 Megan Wachs	97:27
18 John Stassen	97:35
19 Randy Edwards	98:26
20 Joe Ferrero	100:27
21 Nancy Cutler	100:40
22 Tom Brown	104:29

DNF: Joanne Desmond; Robert Cable; Mike Robinson
Pilots: Reuben Hechanova; Elizabeth Tipping; Jay Adams; Paul Brady; Diane Walton; Marcus Auerbuch; Liz Kantor; Nick Strelchuk; Jim Frew; Barry Christian; Jay Dean; Will Powning; Jon Bielinski; Perpetua Bishop; Brian Kiernan; Jackie Merovich; Lolly Lewis; Don Harrison; Dawn Holley
Helpers: Fred Johnson; Gina Rus; Andrew Cassidy; Mike Robinson; John Mattox; James Fahlbusch; Andrew Stone; Hal Offen; Pete Neubauer; Patrick Grady; Brian Matthey; Eric Shupert; Jim Frew; Perpetua Bishop; Cynthia Skovlin; Joanne Desmond; Eileen Buckley; Karen Boyer; Daragh Powers; Susan Cobb-Frederick; Brendan McKinley; Susan M. Allen; Joe Illick; Peter van der Sterre; Jim Barron; Marie Barron; Brendan Crow; John Batteiger; Susan Paperini; Laura Atkins; Pete Perez; Pete Bianucci; Brian Gilbert; Janice Wood Test Swim: Emma Perez; Lolly Lewis; Joe Omran; Jason Prodoehl; Brian Matthey; Stephen Schatz; Perpetua Bishop; Anne Sasaki; Hal Offen; Jesse Czelusta; Peter Bartu; Luke Donovan

Joe Bruno Golden Gate Bridge Swim

AUGUST 11, 2012

1 Viginie Jabbour	22:11
2 Jesse Czelusta	22:12
3 John Ottersberg	23:00
4 Stephen Schatz	23:56
5 Nigel Killeen	24:00
6 Ross Browne	24:11
7 Megan Wachs	26:03
8 Peter Bartu	26:16
9 Jean Allan	26:40
10 John Nogue	26:51
11 George Morris	27:34
12 Daniel Madero	27:49
13 Mickey Lavelle	29:11
14 Robert Cable	29:16
15 Gina Rus	29:25
16 Terry Horn	29:35
17 Kate Coleman	29:43
18 Andrew Cassidy	29:51
19 Richard Haymes	29:57
20 Keith Nelson	30:06
21 Jay Adams	30:11
22 Andrew Stone	30:13
23 Laura Atkins	30:15

24 Margaret Keenan	31:00
25 Firat Yener	32:04
26 Rick Avery	32:14
27 Tom Davis	32:24
28 Jim Frew	32:31
29 Ted Coyle	32:36
30 Yves Amiel	32:44
31 Nancy Hornor	32:49
32 Jim Barron	33:11
33 John Hornor	33:20
34 Joanne Carr	33:25
35 Kathleen Duffy	33:36
36 Dawn Holley	33:44
37 Susan M. Allen	33:56
38 Jackie McEvoy	34:10
39 Jeff Ranta	34:15
40 Lorna Newlin	34:18
41 Kevin O'Connor	34:21
42 Anne Sasaki	34:29
43 Cynthia Skovlin	34:30
44 Matt Towers	34:44
45 Joe Gannon	35:56
46 Keith Howell	35:57
47 Hal Offen	36:51
48 Pete Neubauer	36:53
49 Dean Badessa	36:55
50 Susan Lauritzen	37:35
51 Janice Wood	37:44
52 John Ingle	38:29
53 Will Powning	40:33

Pilots: Reuben Hechanova, Diane Walton, Mary Magocsy, John Blackman, Marcus Auerbuch. Patrick Torre, Frank Gelles, Jay Dean, Gretchen Coffman, Barry Christian, Jon Bielinski, Brian Kiernan, Lolly Lewis, Story Rafter, David Zovickian, Roxy Phifer
Helpers: Andrew Cassidy, Kevin O'Connor, George Morris, Jason Prodoehl, Eric Shupert Test Swim: Jamie Robinson, Ken Coren, Erik Cufino, Lolly Lewis, Hal Offen, Mike Coren, Jesse Czelusta, Lisa Adrian, Peter Bartu, Don Harrison, Reuben Hechanova, Doug James, Yves Amiel

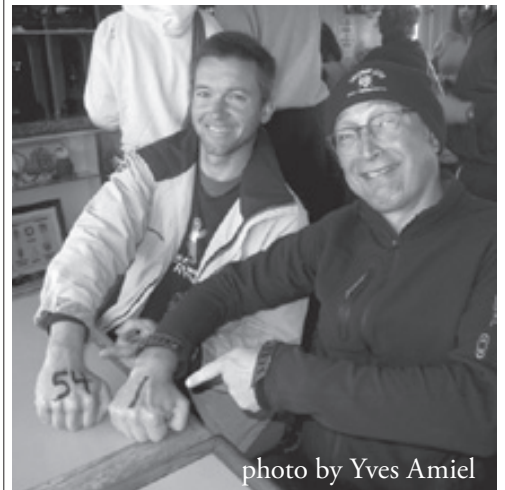


photo by Yves Amiel

Jesse Czeleusta and Yves Amiel before the Golden Gate Swim

DOLPHIN LOG SWIM STATISTICS

Walt Schneebeli Over 60 Cove Swim AUGUST 19 2012

Group A

1	William Schneebeli	11:48
2	Bob McKenzie	11:49
3	Keith Weaver	12:52
4	Bob Danielson	19:30
5	John Davis	27:43

Group B

1	Daniel Osborne	16:05
2	Rich Cooper	16:05
3	Jim O'Connor	19:53
4	Flicka McGurrian	20:50
5	Ken Frank	20:50
6	James Vanya	22:07
7	Sarah McCuskey	22:56
8	Pete Bianucci	23:12
9	Polly Rose	25:25
10	Pavla Podolska	30:35

Group C

1	Doug James	23:10
2	Terry Horn	24:14
3	Dierdre Golani	24:29
4	Eric Shackelford	25:49
5	Keith Nelson	26:17
6	Joni Beemsterboer	26:24
7	Paul Brady	26:36
8	Ken Coren	26:53
9	Ward Bushee	27:18
10	Pete Neubauer	27:54
11	Holly Reed	28:00
12	John Mattox	29:20
13	Joe Illick	29:52
14	Mike Webb	30:31
15	Robin Rome	31:24
16	Andrew Stone	31:53
17	Will Powning	33:36
18	Steve Cramer	34:11
19	Susan Lauritzen	36:08
20	Janice Wood	37:28

Pilots: Jill Fleming, Jean Allan, Dean Badessa, Brian Kiernan **Helpers:** Mimi Osborne, Jane Mermelstein, Susan J Allen, Kathleen Duffy, Andrew Cassidy, Susan Friedrich, Pete Neubauer, Robin Rome, Andrew Stone



photo by Megan Wachs



photo by Megan Wachs

Emma Perez tests the waters off Alcatraz in anticipation of a broader breakout.

Alcatraz Swim SEPTEMBER 9, 2012

1	Patrick Grady	33:08
2	Virginie Jabbour	33:55
3	Jesse Czelusta	34:22
4	Ross Browne	34:35
5	James Fahlbusch	35:05
6	Stephen Schatz	36:42
7	Peter Bartu	38:48
8	Megan Wachs	40:03
9	Paul Vanhoven	40:21
10	Cesar Manzano	41:07
11	John Nogue	41:36
12	John Stassen	42:18
13	Jean Allan	42:30
14	Mickey Lavelle	42:36
15	Jason Prodoehl	43:24
16	Andrew Cassidy	43:33
17	Nancy Cutler	43:55
18	Robert Cable	45:03
19	Daniel Madero	45:10
20	Morgan Kulla	46:16
21	Terry Horn	46:40
22	George Morris	46:55
23	Larry Scroggins	47:22
24	John Mattox	48:12
25	Joni Beemsterboer	48:20
26	Jay Adams	48:28
27	Richard Haymes	48:53
28	Laura Atkins	49:01
29	Gina Rus	49:24
30	Keith Nelson	49:46

31	Tom Davis	51:05
32	Rick Avery	51:46
33	Joe Omran	52:02
34	Firat Yener	52:51
35	Nancy Hornor	54:01
36	Ken Coren	54:06
37	Joanne Carr	55:10
38	Harry Ferdon	55:13
39	Jim Frew	55:19
40	Dean Badessa	55:40
41	John Hornor	55:51
42	Kathleen Duffy	56:56
43	Kevin O'Connor	57:21
44	Susan M. Allen	57:30
45	Jackie McEvoy	57:36
46	Pete Neubauer	58:23
47	Jeff Ranta	1:00:10
48	Naphtali Offen	1:02:30
49	Janice Wood	1:02:58
50	Joe Gannon	1:03:40
51	Keith Howell	1:04:03
52	Will Powning	1:06:33
53	Kent Myers	1:07:07
54	Emma Perez	1:09:06
55	Robin Rome	1:09:43

Incomplete Information:

Helpers: Brian Gilbert; Erik Cufino; Laura Merkl; Holly Reed; Susan J Allen; Pete Bianucci

Test Swim Pilots: Ross Browne, Laura Zovickian, Dave Zovickian, Peter Bartu, Jesse Czelusta, Daniel

DOLPHIN LOG SWIM STATISTICS

Madero, Jay Adams, Doug James, Paul Brady, Tom Hunt. **Swimmers:** Ted Tillis, Lolly Lewis, Hal Offen, Noah Zovickian, Erik Cofino, Emma Perez, Piper Murakami, Paige Coulam, Tom Nuckton.

Pilots: Lolly Lewis, Diane Walton, Susan J Allen, Marcus Auerbuch, Eduardo Barranco, Jon Bielinski, John Blackman, Barry Christian, Gretchen Coffman, Rich Cooper, J.D. Durst, Gary Ehrsam, Ken Frank, Jim Frew, Reuben Hechanova, Dawn Holley, Terry Horn, Paul Irving, Sukh Kaur, Robert Mackey, Tom McCall, Jon Meyer, Kent Myers, Gerard Navarro, Will Powning, Phillip Rollins, Bill Rus, Monica Towers, Megan Wachs, Jan Weidner, Robert Weil, Connie Wellen

Helpers: Brian Gilbert; Erik Cufino; Laura Merkl; Holly Reed; Susan J Allen; Pete Bianucci



photo by Megan Wachs

Kent Myers makes his way across the bay during the Alcatraz Swim

Dick Beeler Crazy Cove OCTOBER 27, 2012

1	Virginie Jabbour	10:26
2	Robert Cable	
3	Jill Fleming	
5	Terry Horn	
6	Jim Frew	
7	Kevin O'Connor	
8	Robin Rome	
9	Athena Kyle	
10	Ken Coren	
11	Era Osibe	
12	Cheryl Wallace	
13	Hal Offen	
14	Mickey Lavelle	
15	Doug James	
16	Vic Pizarro	
17	Jean Allan	24:00
	Jackie McEvoy	DNF
Pilots: Reuben Hechanova, Libbie Horn, Brian Kiernan		
Helpers: Andrew Cassidy, Erik Cufino		

Thanksgiving Day Cove Swim NOVEMBER 22, 2012

The handicap was generated by asking swimmers how long they take to swim half a mile: based on that, four groups were generated and there was a staggered start with the slowest group starting first, then the next 5 minutes later, etc. for the four groups. The order of finish is in the first list, with the time that each swimmer finished after the start of the first group.

1	Tom Rodgers	25:35
2	Joe Ferrero	26:21
3	Madeline Eustis	27:05
4	Robin Rome	27:10
5	Beth Stein	27:45
6	Bill Burke	27:46
7	Sunny McKee	27:57
8	Laura Atkins	28:33
9	Michael Tschantz-Hahn	28:35
10	Duke Dahlin	29:01
11	Cheryl Wallace	29:08
12	Noel Turner	29:35
13	Emily Silverman	29:59
14	John Hornor	30:06
15	Davida Safer	30:10
16	Julian Sapirstein	30:30
17	Erik Cufino	30:31
18	Jean Allan	31:11
19	Patti Bauernfeind	31:17
20	Mark McKee	31:24
21	Virginie Jabbour	31:40
22	Mike Silva	31:45
23	Nancy Friedman	31:46
24	Robert Cable	31:56
25	Andy Stone	32:00
26	Laura Merkl	32:01
27	Will Powning	32:51
28	Gina Rus	32:52
29	Gretchen Coffman	32:59
30	Eileen David	33:26
31	Johanna Goldschmid	34:06
32	Mary Barnes	35:52
33	Kelley Mullin	37:20

Several swimmers swam personal courses:

Jackie Merovich	18:45
Era Osibe	24:03
Sarah McCuskey	26:52
Nancy Hornor	32:16
Joe Illick	37:30

Within the groups, the adjusted times are listed in order of finish.

Group A

1	Tom Rodgers	25:35
4	Robin Rome	27:10
11	Cheryl Wallace	29:08
12	Noel Turner	29:35
27	Will Powning	32:51
30	Eileen David	33:26

31	Johanna Goldschmid	34:06
32	Mary Barnes	35:52
33	Kelley Mullin	37:20

Group B

2	Joe Ferrero	21:21
3	Madeline Eustis	22:05
5	Beth Stein	22:45
6	Bill Burke	22:46
7	Sunny McKee	22:57
8	Laura Atkins	23:33
13	Emily Silverman	24:59
14	John Hornor	25:06
15	Davida Safer	25:10
20	Mark McKee	26:24
23	Nancy Friedman	26:46

Group C

9	Michael Tschantz-Hahn	18:35
10	Duke Dahlin	19:01
16	Julian Sapirstein	20:30
17	Erik Cufino	20:31
18	Jean Allan	21:11
24	Robert Cable	21:56
25	Andy Stone	22:00
26	Laura Merkl	22:01
28	Gina Rus	22:52
29	Gretchen Coffman	22:59

Group D

19	Patti Bauernfeind	16:17
21	Virginie Jabbour	16:40
22	Mike Silva	16:45

Pilots: Monica Towers, Brian Kiernan, Reuben Hechanova, Matthew Sheridan
Helpers: John Hornor, Laura Atkins, Andy Stone, Nancy Hornor, Erik Cufino, Andrew Cassidy, Lolly Lewis, Sue Garfield, Doug James



photo by Megan Wachs

A Virgin's Escape

Megan Wachs



Megan Wachs was the first woman home in her first Escape

There are a few things in life that make me really unhappy – probably none are too surprising or unusual for any member of our club – being hungry, being alone, being cooped up indoors (note that “being cold” is not on this list). All reasons why my first DC EFAT was the perfect activity. Going into the race (with legs aching from Charlie’s brutal Weiland practice the day before) my main goal was to finish “with dignity,” which, for me, meant staying well fed.

Feeling well educated by the “virgin’s info session,” I packed each of my transition bags full of GU Chomps and bars. I was delighted by the idea that they would reappear

on the racecourse, whisked there by the army of awesome volunteers. Still I was pretty nervous, as no amount of Chomps was going to replace the feast I’d consumed on my one and only prior trip on the Dipsea (the fish n’ chips at Stinson were my main motivation on that run).

Of course, this is the Dolphin Club! I needn’t have feared. Every few miles I encountered an outpost of volunteers who magically knew my name and exactly what I was craving at that moment (potato chips, YES!). They were also snapping tons of pictures of the racers; I’m stuffing my face in pretty much every one.

As for being alone? I’ve never done a race where almost everyone knows you, or is friendly enough to figure out who you are by the end. Right from the start I was among friends. While huddled together on the Alma I confirmed with Hal that it was going to be OK to strip on the dock; “Oh, that’s encouraged?” During the swim, I was sandwiched between an expert pilot and John Nogue, who passed me right at the opening. Once on shore, a kind soul helped me get bike gloves on my cold, wet fingers.

I was happy to be passed by only one racer on the ride, and we caught up to a pack of would-be hard core non-racers, who were impressed enough with our day’s plan to let us draft into Mill Valley. At the transition, Mike Coren took the opportunity to pass me with a “Woo, I’m passing Megan!” so I had the pleasure of hearing him cursing in surprise when he had to overtake me again on Dynamite (don’t underestimate those shortcuts). It was great seeing Jesse headed back towards the finish right on Joel’s heels. He told me I was the first girl, which I assumed meant his brain was addled by adrenaline and all the women were hiding in the shortcuts ahead. I was getting passed by plenty of people, so I was really grateful to pick up Rory as “whip” on my way back down Cardiac. His advice to cling to the handrail, while descending those staircases I had so enthusiastically bounded up 3+ hours earlier, got me to the finish line in one piece.

A shower, a nap, and three meals later, I was ready for dinner. This EFAT tradition was a great time to get together with all the racers, volunteers and legends that make the event so special. I was impressed that the slideshow of us stuffing our faces during the race was already prepared for us to watch while stuffing our faces with Robin & crew’s delicious ravioli.

Place	Relay Team	Swim	Bike	Run	Total
1	DC Wave Runners John Nogue, Gerard Navarro	44:27	1:03:33	2:35	4:23
2	DC Megalopods James Fahlbusch Virginie Jabbour Brendan Crow	33:43	40:17	3:21	4:35
3	DC The Sharks Gretchen Coffman David McGuire David Nosrati	37:45	45:15	3:28	4:51
4	DC A touch of Gray Vince Huang Margaret Curtis Mike Silva	36:51	45:09	3:57	5:19
5	DC Pete Axelrod (S) Doug James (BR)	48:13	1:03:47	3:59	5:51



*2012 Escape From Alcatraz Hall of Fame Inductees
Keith Nowell, Jon Nakamura, Mimi Osborne, Mike Webb,
Dan Osborne, Tom Callinan, Mary Cantini-Norkin, Tom
Gould, Pete Bianucci, Dennis Watson, Andy Field*

Dolphin Club Escape From Alcatraz Triathlon

SEPTEMBER 23, 2011

Place		Name	Swim Split	Bike Split	Run Split	Total Time	Notes
1	SE	Lanz, Joel	0:42:44	0:49:16	2:06:00	3:38:00	7th Consecutive win! Fastest run
2	DC	Czelusta, Jesse	0:34:32	0:45:28	2:27:00	3:47:00	2nd EFAT
3	DC	Takahashi, Nobu	0:50:19	0:56:41	2:09:00	3:56:00	3rd EFAT <i>WETSUIT</i>
4	SE	Pohlmann, Brent	0:44:03	0:44:57	2:45:00	4:14:00	9th EFAT Fastest bike
5	DC	Ottersberg, John	0:34:30	0:52:30	2:59:00	4:26:00	1st Cruiser; fastest swim; 5th EFAT
6	DC	McFadden, Sean	0:42:30	0:50:30	2:54:00	4:27:00	10th EFAT Cruiser
7	DC	Jack, David	0:56:24	0:59:36	2:31:10	4:27:10	<i>Virgin</i>
8	SE	Franks, Duane	0:50:48	0:52:12	2:49:00	4:32:00	<i>Virgin</i>
9	DC	Donavan, Luke	0:48:24	0:55:36	2:52:00	4:36:00	2nd EFAT
10	DC	Coren, Michael	0:49:01	0:53:59	2:59:00	4:42:00	1st EFAT
11	DC	Brown, Tom	0:40:06	0:55:54	3:07:00	4:43:00	2nd EFAT
12	DC	Wachs, Megan	0:44:45	1:00:15	3:09:00	4:54:00	1st Woman; <i>Virgin Youngest Participant</i>
13	DC	Bartu, Peter	0:40:31	1:05:29	3:10:00	4:56:00	<i>Virgin</i>
14	DC	Sigal, Alex	0:54:26	0:59:34	3:03:00	4:57:00	2nd EFAT
15	DC	Molnar, Peter	0:45:32	1:00:28	3:15:00	5:01:00	6th EFAT
16	DC	Avery, Rick	0:53:55	1:04:05	3:05:00	5:03:00	5th EFAT
17	SE	Fechheimer, Zach	0:59:39	1:05:21	3:00:00	5:05:00	<i>Virgin</i>
18	DC	DuComb, Anthony	1:08:30	1:03:30	3:11:00	5:23:00	17th EFAT
19	DC	Vanhoven, Paul	0:43:21	1:08:39	3:39:00	5:31:00	3rd EFAT
20	SE	Condro, Laurel	0:50:52	1:03:08	3:38:00	5:32:00	1st Female Cruiser 8th EFAT
21	DC	Mattox, John	0:51:33	1:03:27	3:38:00	5:33:00	9th EFAT
22	SE	Ruppert, Jim	1:07:31	1:11:29	3:14:10	5:33:10	<i>Virgin WETSUIT</i>
23	DC	Offen, Hal	1:07:00	1:04:00	3:23:00	5:34:00	12th EFAT
24	DC	Towers, Matthew	1:05:17	1:03:43	3:25:30	5:34:30	4th EFAT
25	DC	Tilley, Rebecca	0:50:15	1:06:45	3:42:10	5:39:10	10th EFAT
26	DC	Miyashita, Mari	0:59:41	1:24:19	3:15:20	5:39:20	2nd EFAT
27	DC	O'Connor, Kevin	1:07:23	1:11:37	3:21:00	5:40:00	<i>Virgin</i>
28	DC	Walter, James	0:43:51	1:08:09	3:51:00	5:43:00	<i>Virgin</i>
29	DC	Haymes, Richard	0:54:31	1:07:29	3:42:00	5:44:00	3rd EFAT Cruiser
30	DC	Hornor, John	0:58:47	1:06:13	3:41:00	5:46:00	9th EFAT Cruiser
31	SE	Mattingly, Andrew	0:57:31	1:20:29	3:28:20	5:46:20	<i>Virgin</i>
32	DC	Nakamura, Jon	0:46:20	1:09:40	3:56:00	5:52:00	23rd EFAT
33	DC	Robinson, Jamie	0:58:28	1:17:32	3:41:00	5:57:00	4th EFAT
34	DC	Rus, Gina	0:51:38	1:08:22	4:10:00	6:10:00	16th EFAT Cruiser
35	SE	Linthicum, Tom	0:48:28	1:07:32	4:15:00	6:11:00	15th EFAT
36	DC	Leffers, Matt	1:06:02	1:24:58	3:40:10	6:11:10	<i>Virgin</i>
37	DC	Callinan, Tom	0:58:07	1:09:53	4:12:00	6:20:00	24th EFAT
38	SE	Duhau, Stephanie	1:10:26	1:39:34	3:40:00	6:30:00	3rd EFAT Cruiser
39	SE	Corkhill, Susan	0:52:35	1:21:25	4:28:00	6:42:00	<i>Virgin</i>
40	SE	Toubol, Jessica	0:49:44	1:26:16	4:26:00	6:42:00	2nd EFAT
41	DC	Buehlmann, Alex	0:55:20	1:18:40	4:37:00	6:51:00	3rd EFAT Cruiser
42	DC	Marcus, Julie	1:01:01	1:53:59	4:03:00	6:58:00	2nd EFAT
43	SE	Nowell, Keith	0:59:40	1:19:20	4:41:00	7:00:00	22nd EFAT
44	DC	Leffers, Kristy	0:46:44	1:31:16	4:47:00	7:05:00	<i>Virgin WETSUIT</i>
45	DC	Cranston, Hal	0:54:59	1:24:01	4:57:00	7:16:00	6th EFAT <i>WETSUIT</i>
46	SE	Austin, Brenda	1:00:33	1:38:27	4:38:00	7:17:00	4th EFAT
47	SE	Yee, James	1:17:06	0:56:54	5:05:00	7:19:00	4th EFAT <i>WETSUIT</i>
48	SE	Bailey, Kathy	0:51:38	1:42:22	5:06:00	7:40:00	6th EFAT
49	SE	Taylor, Phil	1:32:00	1:30:00	5:00:00	8:02:00	6th EFAT
50	DC	Cantini-Norkin, Mary	1:18:34	1:38:26	5:48:00	8:45:00	24th EFAT <i>Oldest competitor</i>

Dolphin - South End Triathlon

OCTOBER 14, 2012

(COMPLETE RESULTS WERE NOT AVAILABLE, BUT APPARENTLY THE DC LOST)

1	S84	DARRIN CONNOLLY	35:27:00
2	S42	JOEL WILSON	35:36:00
3	D23	SUZANNE HEIM	35:45:00
4	S40	JIM SWEENEY	36:22:00
5	D 42	BRENDAN CROW	36:50:00
6	S83	EVAN MORRISON	36:54:00
7	S92	JP	37:44:00
8	S72	CRAIG MARBLE	37:51:00
9	D27	PATRICK GRADY	38:07:00
10	S49	JIM KNIGHT	38:14:00
11	D3	VIRGINIE JABBOUR	38:17:00
12	D38	JESSE CZELUSTA	39:33:00
13	S31	LAWRENCE REED	39:38:00
14	D48	STEVE SCHATZ	40:38:00
15	D41	ROSS BROWN	40:39:00
16	D15	MIKE SILVA	41:02:00
17	D5	JOHN OTTERSBERG	41:08:00
18	S70	GABOR LENGYEL	41:23:00
19	S30	ANDREW BURRELL	41:31:00
20	S95	EMILY HARDY	41:33:00
21	S44	GREG MITCHELL	41:37:00
22	D31	TOM BROWN	41:53:00
23	S50	BONNIE BENJAMIN	42:33:00
24	S105	JOHN WALKER	42:51:00
25	S64	JEFF EVERETT	43:02:00
26	D6	LAURA ZOVICKIAN	43:09:00
27	S33	MICHELLE DEASY	43:12:00
28	S82	CATHY DELNEO	43:40:00
29	D34	RANDY EDWARDS	45:08:00
30	S46	MARTA BECHOEFER	45:21:00
31	D24	JILL FLEMING	45:25:00
32	S97	ERIC SCHEELEIN	45:53:00
33	S52	FAST EDDIE	45:59:00
34	S54	TONY LILLIOS	46:04:00
35	S81	TODD JORDAN	47:07:00
36	S5	KATRINA LUNDSTEDT	46:22:00
37	S15	JOHN FLAHAVEN	46:25:00
38	D4	MEGAN WACHS	46:32:00
39	S23	DANIELLE RUYMAKER	46:40:00
40	D47	PETER BARTU	48:18:00
41	S90	JIMMY WALTER	48:40:00
42	S63	DAN NADANER	48:42:00
43	D20	JASON PROEDHOL	48:49:00
44	S8	TINA VOIGHT	49:07:00
45	S43	KATE HOWELL	49:25:00
46	S32	VICTORIA STEIN	49:27:00
47	S80	LES MANGOLD	50:02:00
48	S11	JONATHAN MAIER	50:31:00
49	S68	JOHN BORDON	50:40:00
50	D39	MICKY LAVALLE	50:58:00
51	D28	KATHY GREY	51:09:00
52	S89	LISA SEREBIN	51:58:00
53	S100	SARA JANE LEVIN	52:18:00

54	S106	BORIS DELEPHIN	52:57:00
55	D29	ROBERT CABLE	53:16:00
56	D18	SUZIE DODDS	53:37:00
57	S39	TAYLOR STANDLEE	53:44:00
58	S88	RANIE PIERCE	53:48:00
59	S56	ANNE SCHONAER	54:58:00
60	S78	JOSH SALE	55:01:00
61	S104	BEN GREEN	55:37:00
62	S110	JIM MCCORMICK	55:46:00
63	S86	JESSICA TOUBEL	55:50:00
64	D33	REGINA RUSE	56:24:00
65	S21	BRENT PHOHLMAN	56:38:00
66	S69	PAUL SAAB	57:10:00
68	S4	LAUREL CONDRIO	57:44:00
69	D25	RICK AVERY	58:28:00
70	S93	SARA GREEN	58:40:00
71	D30	ROBERT BLUM	58:45:00
72	D36	MIKE WEBB	59:08:00
73	D21	KATE COLEMAN	59:16:00
74	S35	DENIS BAKER	59:27:00
75	S103	ANN TURTLE	59:35:00
76	D26	NEIL POWERS	59:40:00
77	D46	ANDY STONE	59:45:00
78	D32	JAY ADAMS	59:50:00
79	S20	SILVIA MARINO	59:53:00
80	S79	DAN NEEDHAM	1:00:00
81	D37	ALEX SEGAL	:
82	S10	NEIL MUELLER	:
83	D45	MARI MIYASHITO	:
84	S67	DONNA BORDEN	:
85	D22	KEN COREN	:
86	S96	ZINA DIRETSKY	:
87	S112	TRACY MCCORMICK	:
88	S77	BRYCE GOEKING	:
89	S71	MICHELLE SHIRO	:
90	D16	ALEX BUELMAN	:
91	S66	KAT FILLEY BROWN	:
92	D14	JAMES ROBINSON	:
93	S28	BRENDAN SULLIVAN	:
94	S57	DENNIS LILLIAN	:
95	S76	JOE BRACCO	:
96	S61	KEITH NOWELL	:
97	S99	ALAN LEUNG	:
98	S55	JEN BROKAW	:
99	S37	STEVE CRITANOVIC	:
100	S73	SUZANNE GREVA	:
101	S24	JERRY LOWDEN	1:08:33
102	S27	ALAN LEVINSON	:
103	S58	ILANA PETERSON	:
104	D40	MARLIN GILBERT	:
105	S102	JOANNE PADILLA	:
106	S101	MELISSA YAMADA	:
107	S53	JOHN SIMS	:

108	S29	JIM HENTZ	:
109	S22	SARA MEHL	1:11:42
110	D35	PETER NEWBAUER	:
111	D7	HAL OFFEN	:
112	S47	JACKIE COBBEL	:
113	S91	BETSY BLUME	:
114	D1	JIM FREW	:
115	S98	CATHY BUMP	:
116	S51	JANE KOEGAL	:
117	S74	MINA RODEN	:
118	S87	KEVIN BUCKHOLZ	:
119	S48	SUSAN PETRO	:
120	S107	BOB PHILIPS	1:19:25
121	S25	MARY LEIGH BURKE	:
122	D19	KENT MYERS	:
123	S8	PETE MULVIHILL	:
124	D8	JOE GANNON	:
125	S38	PHIL TAYLOR	:
126	S17	PADDY PEYTON	1:25:31
127	S60	JUDY IRVING	:
128	S59	LINDA NOWELL	:
129	S3	BOB BARDE	:
DNF	S45	KATHY BAILY	:
WS	S94	BILL WOOD	:
DNF	S113	MARC BRANDT	:
DNF	S111	KEVIN BRUNNER	:
DNF	S12	TONY GILBERT	:
DNF	D10	JAMES DILWORTH	:



photo by Shari Kidani

Those guys can row, but can they count?

Bay Encounters

by Marcus Auerbach

Things happen when you row in the Bay. You meet interesting people, like “Doctor Mike,” who rows his outrigger canoe to the Golden Gate during his lunch, or “Ferris,” who likes windsurfing in really bad weather, or the Coast Guard officers asking if you need any help when your boat is caught in the ebb at the Golden Gate Bridge, or kids in a Blue Water Foundation sailboat happy to see a rowboat under the bridge. Sometimes you can even exchange a few words. Tourists on the Blue and Gold or Red and White are glad to see you when the weather is bad. Apparently they feel better in the safety of their boat. And small tour boats’ captains keep telling their tourists, “if you row like that guy, you pay only five dollars.”

One day a good-sized halibut may unexpectedly jump into your boat, leaving only the smell of fish as a souvenir of his short visit. Or you may come within 10 feet of being run down by two speeding catamarans.

New and exotic sailboats come into the Bay every year: the French multihull “Hydroptere”, which broke many speed records, including short 56.3 knots (it capsized shortly after that), or a small levitating hydrofoil sailboat zipping by with the greatest of ease, or flying skiffs which sail faster and faster every time I see them, or the amazing “BridgeRunner” catamaran, or, as happened this past summer, AC45 and AC72 catamarans.

Only rowboats manage to stay almost the same since the Dolphin Club was established. Compared to a sailboat, even a slow one, the rowboat is at the bottom of the food chain. As a result you learn to get out of their way -- a skill

that becomes even more important during races.

In light of my past encounters I was not that surprised to find myself facing two speeding AC45’s on the second training day of America’s Cup in August. All I needed was to be in the right place at the wrong time. Gilles Martin-Roget, the America’s Cup photographer, was, however, in the right place at the right time to capture this encounter. It left me with a far more enduring memory than the smell of fish.

On that windy afternoon in August, rowing to the Golden Gate Bridge, I found two catamarans -- Oracle Team USA Spithill and J.P.Morgan BAR -- bearing down on my boat. My first reaction was to get out of their way. It worked in a kayak in front of a whale some years ago in Hawaii, but catamarans are not whales, and they move fast. So, instead of trying to escape, I sensibly decided to stay in place, become predictable and let them do their job. And they did it. They split right in front of me, leaving less than 10 feet of water between us on either side.

I saw this photo for the first time on the America’s Cup website under the section “Sensory Overload.” The title is very appropriate: a speeding catamaran overloads everyone’s senses.



Hare, Captain Jimmy Spithill meets tortoise Marcus Auerbach after their close encounter. Looking at a print of the cover shot, Spithill concedes: “It’s a good photo.”

photo by Boris Auerbach

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(continued from page 17)

Reaction time is measured in a fraction of a second and conditions change constantly. Mistakes are costly. Russell Coutts, CEO and skipper of Oracle Team USA 5, suggested in one of his interviews that he could be racing in the America's Cup for the last time. This race is so demanding that it requires younger sailors, like Jimmy Spithill, skipper of Oracle Team USA 4.

I saw Jimmy Spithill after the first day of races, showed him Gilles Martin-Roget's photo, and asked him why he tried to run me over. He only smiled and said: "It's a good photo." I'm honored that only the best sailors decided to use my rowboat as a marker. I would not want it any other way. And I would like to think that this amazing encounter with a small rowboat in August led to resounding victories for Spith-



The hare and the tortoise

ill's and Ben Ainslie's teams in the America's Cup races in October.

And finally, here's what I might suggest to someone like Russell Coutts as he prepares to retire from racing: why not join the Dolphin Club and jump into a rowboat, kayak or paddleboard?

Yes, human-powered watercraft are slow, but in the era of faster and faster sailboats and large passenger liners, they represent our connection to the not-so-distant past, when rowboats were used for carrying passengers and cargo in San Francisco Bay. We need more of them in the Bay, and they will be a part of the watercraft ecosystem for a long time to come.



(*Working in the Coal Mine* continued from page 7)

disappointment I felt in the aftermath. Our swim was for charity, to raise money for Semper Fi Fund*, and I thought about all the injured marines and their families who would benefit and wished that our swim had lasted just a few more days and raised more money to support them. I thought about the record that we had so tirelessly aimed to break. And I thought about my teammates.

But I know from experience that some of life's greatest achievements come from our greatest disappointments and setbacks. And so, with that in mind, I know without a doubt, that I can harness that emotion to drive me forward into my next challenge.

*We raised \$1.2m and counting

Night Train Swimmers have been nominated for the 2012 WOWSA Performance of the Year for their SF-SB swim attempt.

This account is adapted from Kim's blog, Kimswims.com.



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(*Lucky to be Alive* continued from page 9)

images of 95309. They brought tears to my eyes. She was often moored off China Beach and I saw her frequently and always admired her clean, exciting lines. But I never imagined I'd see them so close up.



Coast Guard Cutter CGC95309. A lifesaver.

Part of CGC95309 Captain James Brown's emailed response to Gary Silberstein's "thank you" note.

To: Dr. Silberstein, who is now Gary, as I am Jim,

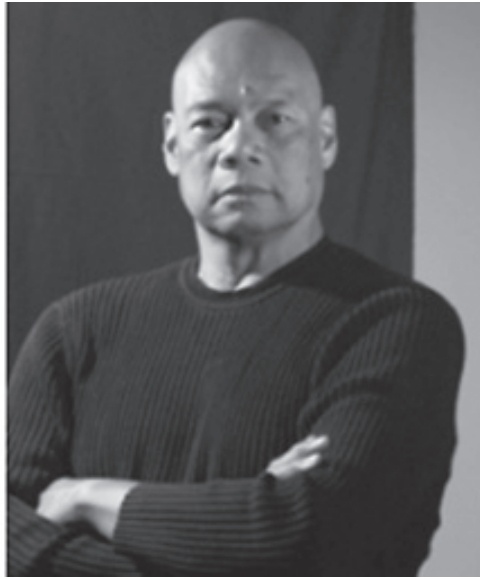
What an unexpected and pleasant surprise it is to hear from you. After a 20-year career in the Coast Guard yours was the first and only time I have received such a touching communication. Indeed, it is the only time I have ever received such a communication from one pulled up from the water at all. I could not help but recall what was probably the last movie my wife and I watched, Saving Private Ryan, with Tom Hanks. Your touching notes reminded me of the last lines of the movie. If my crew and I did indeed save your life, which is speculation, that one action alone made my 20-year Coast Guard career, and those of every member of my crew, worthwhile. It is not all that often that one has the opportunity to feel that way after just doing his or her job.

The Years of Living Dangerously

My heartfelt and deepest gratitude to the Dolphin Club, for giving me the opportunity to serve as the President for the past two years. Not only was it an honor, it was a privilege to serve the members of this amazing club steeped in a history and legacy created over time by fun loving members who are "unlike any other" - unique, diverse, and who play in the bay and beyond. Inherent in the character of the club are diverse social, cultural and economic challenges which can be distilled like the spirits we all enjoy. Which brings to mind a favorite movie of mine, "The Year of Living Dangerously," except living in the year was twofold. I would also like to add that each year invariably ended like a Rorschach image. The year typically ended upbeat, much like the start of any swim in the bay, no easy way to start, but in the end, the results were always glorious.

The 2012 swim season was baptized by a New Year's Day Swim from Alcatraz by the hardy rank and file from both clubs, piloted by those indisputably rank after the hardy row. February events were headlined by the annual Old Timer's luncheon with attendees feasting to the gills on fresh Dungeness crab. This traditional celebration was sandwiched between the Pier 41 and Gashouse Cove swims. New 'Old Timers' were inducted and the 'old' Old Timers kept on ticking, like Eveready bunnies. The fountain of youth is in the waters of Aquatic Park.

March weather can come in like a lion, but in our club, goes out with the 'end of Polar Bear' winter season. Yacht Harbor and Pier 39 kept the troops occupied, while the America's Cup proposal of a Jumbotron in Aquatic Park barely held water and ultimately sank under the outstanding collaboration between the Dolphin and South End Clubs. This was a miracle that rose out of the water when our swimming pool was put



at risk from outsiders who didn't have a clue about what the healing waters meant to us. The month of May reminded the unfortunate on the Crissy Field swim, that there is an 'infinity pool' in the bay. June brought back the focus for the lost and wandering to pen in their names to the 100-Mile swim, racking up some easy mileage from the Bay Bridge while enjoying dessert after the Doc Howard Over-45 swim.

Needless to say, July was the Olympic moment for swimmers as they paraded along the waterfront from Fort Point, while the Trans-Tahoe and Santa Cruz swims provided respite from the numbing monotony of swimming the Cove. August was made more interesting during the Joe Bruno-Golden Gate swim by having a Frog swim the Gate, the Walt Schneebeli Over-60 benchmarked in the Cove, the sexagenarians and older. While San Francisco Bay took on the America's Cup sailors, Adam Engelskirchen and Greg Kearney's remorseless training bore fruit as they ultimately conquered the English Channel. September's Indian Summer held steady for the Alcatraz swim along with the Escape from Alcatraz Triathlon (EFAT). The inaugural EFAT Hall of Fame inductees were gloriously bathed in waves of applause that lasted throughout the celebratory dinner, and the Baykeeper

Transbay Relay participants and guests celebrated their event with a silent auction and an abundant BBQ salmon dinner.

In October a perfect storm of events invaded the City by Sea, Land and Air with Aquatic Park in the flight pattern of Fleet Week Blue Angels, the second round of America's Cup racing and the DCSE Triathlon. Dick Beeler Crazy Cove rounds out the month as the 100-Mile Swim crescendos. "It's All Relative(s)," as they say of November with the Pilot Appreciation Dinner celebrating the year's many achievements, and the Thanksgiving Day Cove providing for the guiltless indulgence that follows. Closing out the year, December sets up a New Year's Day Qualifier and the start of yet another Polar Bear with its visions of ice cream headaches and Grizzly Bear Rowing to compliment the holiday gifts.

Upon entering the Dolphin Club, a time warp greets us all equally and provides a life force and field of energy of the Club's past, its future and its present. We, who have found the Dolphin Club to become a home away from home, have also forged the friendships that provide the family, or pod, of Dolphins. The club is a social confluence with a range of members that is a microcosm of San Francisco and beyond. Like any confluence, social or environmentally borne by the tides and currents of the bay, the mixing of personalities make the club uniquely challenging, and forever changing. Good, bad or indifferent, we contribute who we are.

And so as December closes out the year with the holiday cheers fading like the late afternoon sunlight in the Cove, the hardy Polar Bears tempered by the cold water, swim away in preparation of a New Year's Day Alcatraz. Stay tuned for another "Year of Living Dangerously." Though the passage of time is precious, and like the tides and currents it cannot be held back, the Dolphin Club world is timeless.



The Dolphin Swimming
& Boating Club
502 Jefferson Street
San Francisco, CA 94109

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2013 DOLPHIN CLUB SWIM & EVENT SCHEDULE

Jan 1	Tue TBA	New Year's Day Alcatraz
Jan 1	Tue TBA	New Year's Day Cove Swim
Jan 19	Sat 9:10 am	*Pier 41
Feb 17	Sun TBA	Old Timer's Lunch
Feb 23	Sat 9:30 am	Dick Beeler Crazy Cove
Mar 17	Sun 7:40 am	*Pier 39
Mar 21	Thur 11:00 pm	End of Polar Bear
Apr 7	Sun 8:20 am	*Gas House Cove
Apr 27	Sat 11:00 am	*Yacht Harbor
May 4	Sat TBA	Rowers Dinner
May 25	Sat 10:00 am	*Crissy Field
Jun 1	Sat	100-Mile Swim Begins
Jun 1	Sat 3:15 pm	*Doc Howard Over 45 Gas House Cove
Jun 16	Sun 9:00 am	*Bay Bridge
Jun 23	Sun TBA	*SE/DC LGBT Pride Swim
Jul 20	Sat TBA	*Trans Tahoe Relay
Jul 28	Sun 9:30 am	Under 30 Cove Swim
Aug 3	Sat TBA	*Santa Cruz One Mile
Aug 11	Sun 11:00am	Walt Schneebeli Over 60 Cove
Aug 18	Sun 7:15 am	*Fort Point
Sep 1	Sun 10:30 am	Alcatraz
Sep 15	Sun 9:25 am	Joe Bruno Golden Gate
Sep 28	Sat 8:30 am	Escape from Alcatraz Triathlon
Oct 19	Sat TBA/9:30	Dolphin/South End Triathlon
Oct 31	Thur	100-Mile Swim Ends
Nov 9	Sat TBA	Pilot Appreciation Dinner
Nov 28	Thur 9:00 am	Thanksgiving Day Cove
Nov 23	Fri	Grizzly Bear Challenge
Dec 21	Sat 9:00 am	New Year's Day Qualifier
Dec 21	Sat	Polar Bear Swim Begins
Dec 31	Sat 11:59pm	Grizzly Bear Challenge Ends

ROWING TRAINING

These Saturdays as 9:00 am

January 19, Saturday

February 23, Saturday

March 23, Saturday

April 20, Saturday

May 18, Saturday

June 22, Saturday

July 20, Saturday

August 24, Saturday

September 21, Sunday

October 19, Saturday

November 23, Saturday

December 21, Saturday

Intro to bay swimming *usually*
offered Sunday after board
meetings, check website
www.dolphinclub.org

SWIM PROGRAM RULES

1. Club scheduled swims are restricted to club members only.
2. Swimmers are required to wear fluorescent orange caps on all scheduled swims.
3. For out-of-cove swims, swimmers must be members in good standing with club dues current, \$40 swim fees paid, and a current PMS card on file. In-cove swims are free and open to all members.
4. New members are not eligible to swim in scheduled out-of-cove swims for six months from their membership start. However, if one successfully completes the 100-mile swim or 40-mile Polar Bear swim before their six months are up, they can participate in out-of-cove swims.
5. Swimmers must be in attendance at briefing prior to each swim in order to participate.
6. Swim sign-up sheets are posted two weeks prior to each swim.
7. Time limits are imposed and enforced for all swims.
8. All club boats are reserved for scheduled swims.
9. In-town members must successfully complete three swims and pilot or help on at least two others.
10. Out-of-town members (those residing 100+ miles from the club) must have successfully completed two of the last three club scheduled Alcatraz and/or Golden Gate swims or meet Rule 9 above.
11. * Indicates swim is a qualifier for Alcatraz and Golden Gate Swims

*All times are approximate & subject to change.
TBD means "to be determined".*

Alcatraz Island
1.4 miles

Fort Point
3.5 miles

Crissy Field
2.5 miles

Yacht Harbor
1.5 miles

Gas House Cove
1 mile

Aquatic Park Cove

Pier 41½
1.2 miles

Pier 43
1 mile